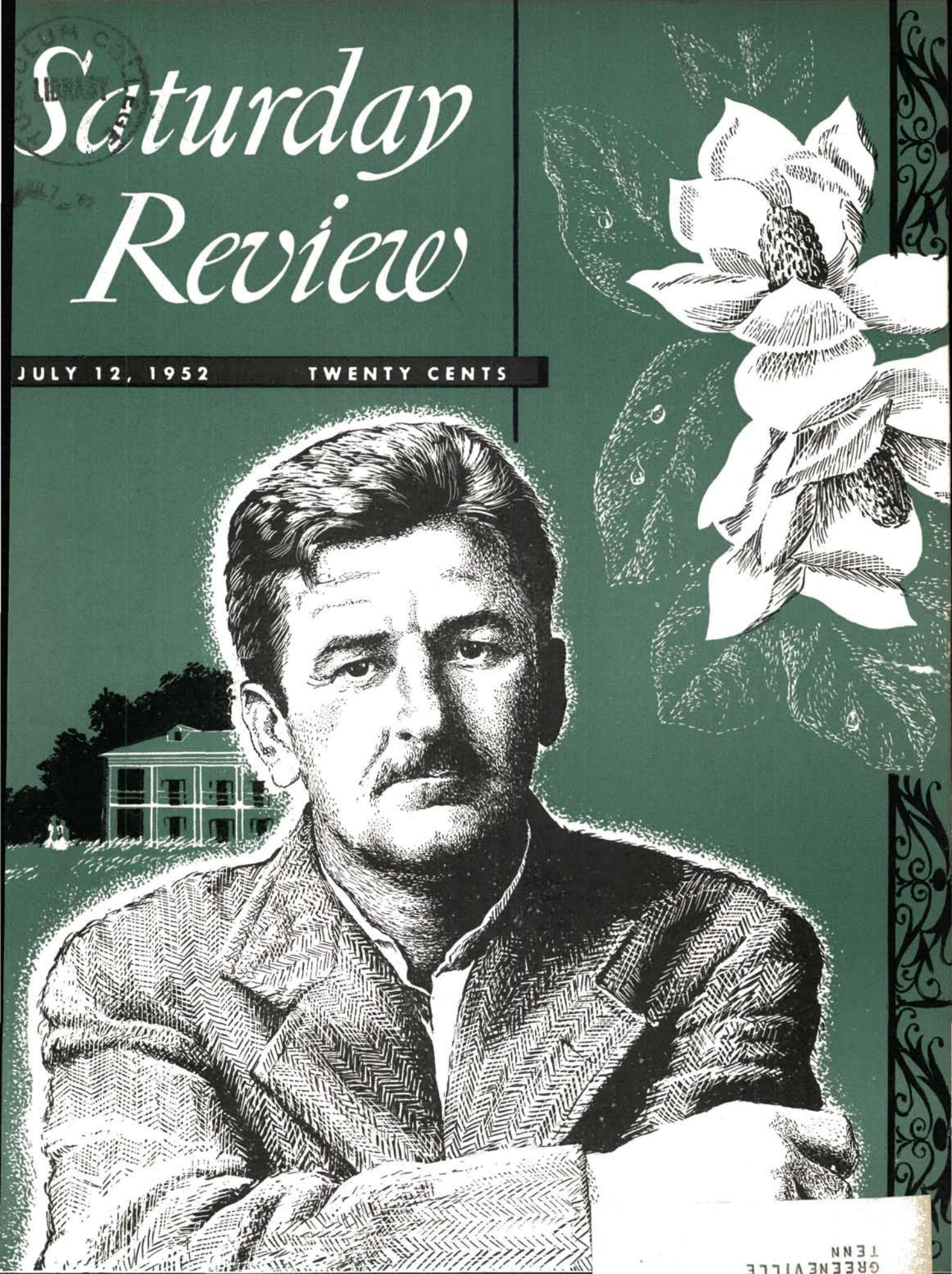
Saturday Review

JULY 12, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

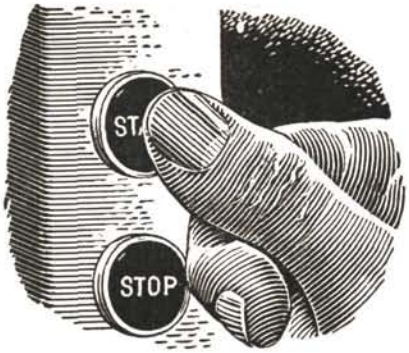


EDITH HAMILTON & MAXWELL GEISMAR APPR

SR 9/27/52R 626-8-23
TUSCULUM COLLEGE 10/6
GREENEVILLE
TENN

REPRODUCED 2015 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



The man with 7½ horses

SOMETIME SOON, when your men's club is looking for a live topic, try this:

"For every 100 people in the world, only 6 are inside the borders of the U.S.A.; yet we produce 40% of the world's goods." Question: How can this be done?

Obviously the answer is not in numbers of people.

For there are many more people in Asia, for instance. Half the Asiatics work on farms. Yet most of the population is undernourished.

Here in America only 1 in 10 workers is on a farm. Yet most of us have all we need to eat. Why does our manpower go so far?

Because a little gasoline plows the furrow, a bit of electricity milks the cow. Mechanization and electrification multiply our manpower many times over.

Experts call this *productivity,* and it's what earns the U.S.A. her top-rung position.

Where does this productivity come from? Someone asked Dr. Charles Steinmetz, G.E.'s electrical wizard, this question shortly after World War I, and he answered:

> "One horsepower equals the muscle work of about 22 men—big men. There are machines coming out of General Electric today which can do more work than the entire slave population of this country at the time of the Civil War."

And things have moved along fast since Dr. Steinmetz' day, too.

Today almost 90% of America's industrial output is supplied by electric motors. The American workman has about 7½ horsepower at his finger tips — the power of 165 big men. He is aided by 7 times more electric power than his Russian counterpart.

At a West Coast steel mill, for instance, 4 motors can do a job equal to the manpower of 38 army divisions. In Butte, Montana, a single motor lifts 12 tons of copper ore at nearly 30 miles per hour.

And at Grand Coulee Dam the largest motors in the world — 65,000 horsepower each — can pump enough water to supply a city the size of New York!

Motors put muscles in industry — but they work faithfully for us at home, too. Someday count up the number of electric motors in your home. The average American home today has 6 motors, doing work that our grandparents did by hand.

In the last two generations General Electric scientists and engineers have done many things to change the world we live in. No one can explain America's gigantic production records without mentioning "electrification."

Motors are a giant cause of our production gains. But so are electric transportation, electric lighting, new methods of generating electricity, new electrical efficiency in homes.

Call it what you will — private enterprise, the competitive economic system, or the American way — the results are impressive.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lt. Colonel Reginald R. Myers, USMC Medal of Honor

A COMMUNIST FORCE of 4,000 men had seized the key hill overlooking Hagaru-ri in the desperate Chosin Reservoir fighting. The hill had to be taken.

Lieutenant Colonel Myers rallied clerks, cooks, and other service personnel, and led them up the snow-covered 600-foot hill. Lacking combat officers he ranged the entire attacking front himself, in the face of murderous fire. After 14 hours, the enemy was routed, the hill captured, and the route to the sea secured. Colonel Myers says:

"When a handful of men can help turn the tide of history, just think of 150 million people working toward a common goal—a secure America! That's what you, and millions of people like you, are accomplishing with your 50-billion-dollar investment in Bonds. Peace requires work. Our troops in Korea are doing their part of the job. You're doing yours when you buy Bonds. Together, we can hammer out the peace we're all working for."

★ ★ ★

Now E Bonds earn more! 1) All Series E Bonds bought after May 1, 1952 average 3% interest, compounded semiannually! Interest now starts after 6 months and is higher in the early years. 2) *All maturing E Bonds* automatically go on earning *after maturity*—and at the new higher interest! Today, start investing in better-paying Series E Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan!

Peace is for the strong!
For peace *and* prosperity
save with U. S. Defense Bonds!

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

WISE BLOOD
By FLANNERY O'CONNOR

THEY ALL AGREE WITH EVELYN WAUGH WHO SAYS "A REMARKABLE PRODUCT"

"Most naturally gifted . . .

"Flannery O'Connor is perhaps the most naturally gifted of the youngest generation of American novelists, and her first book, *Wise Blood,* has an imaginative intensity rare in any fiction these days."—*Newsweek*

"A writer of power . . .

"Introduces its author as a writer of power. There is in Flannery O'Connor a fierceness of literary gesture, an angriness of observation, a facility for catching, as an animal eye in a wilderness, cunningly and at one sharp glance, the shape and detail . . ."

—William Goyen, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

"Significant . . .

"Has living action . . . The writing has kick. I think the action presented in this novel is significant. It's a commentary on American Protestantism — in the evangelical forms peculiar to the South. The humor is acrid and grotesque."—Robert Fitzgerald

"Wonderful humor . . .

"One of those rare books that miraculously produces a weird and wonderful humor out of a description of the most terrifying kind of human ignorance. Dickens, Gogol, P. T. Barnum, and Charles Addams, at least, would enjoy it."—Robie Macauley

"True imagination . . .

"As good a first novel, and as serious, as has been put out in a long time. I congratulate publisher and author . . . A book of true imagination."

—Andrew Lytle

"Commands a prose . . .

"This young writer has eyes, and ideas, and commands a prose that does her bidding."—W. G. Rogers, *Associated Press*

"I hope you'll read it . . .

"It's impossible to do more than suggest the flavor of this book — a compound of fantastic humor and macabre brutality. I hope you'll read it. I know I won't willingly miss anything else Miss O'Connor writes . . . The effects she achieves are as devastating as if Evelyn Waugh had turned himself loose . . . She discloses a fresh talent not obviously derived."

—Carter Brooke Jones, *Washington Star*

"A writer to reckon with . . .

"After Miss O'Connor writes a sentence, the reader is uncomfortably sure of what she means to say. It's a book to cause thought, introspection, and sheer terror. I can hardly wait to read what Miss O'Connor may write about some happy people . . . She is a writer to reckon with."

—Martha Smith, *Atlanta Journal*

"An important novel . . .

"I was more impressed by *Wise Blood* than any novel I have read in a long time. Her picture of the modern world is literally terrifying. Kafka is almost the only one of our contemporaries who has achieved such effects. I have a tremendous admiration for the work of this young writer."

—Caroline Gordon

$3.00 *at all bookstores*

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY • NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Looking For Fine Vacation Reading?

In *The Saturday Review* of June 21 America's leading critics and editors selected

THE ALEXANDRIANS

and

THE GOLDEN HAND

as two novels which "merit the attention of discriminating readers this summer"

THE ALEXANDRIANS

By CHARLES MILLS

"One of the richest books to come from the South. . . . big in scope and distinguished in quality."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

688 pages • $4.00

THE GOLDEN HAND

By EDITH SIMON

"A magnificent panorama of life in fourteenth century England, populated by a host of excellently drawn characters."
—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

512 pages • $4.00

At all bookstores

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The Saturday Review

JULY 12, 1952

Cover Drawing by Mel Bolden

SR/IDEAS

FAULKNER: SORCERER OR SLAVE? by Edith Hamilton.... 8
ESCAPE INTO SPACE: An Editorial....22

SR/BOOKS

WILLIAM FAULKNER, by Irving Howe
Reviewed by Maxwell Geismar....10
CAVALCADE OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL, by Edward Wagenknecht
Reviewed by William Van O'Connor....11
WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE .. ..
Reviewed by Anne Campbell....12
LITERARY AMERICA, by D. E. Scherman and R. Redlich
LITERARY BRITAIN, by Bill Brandt
Reviewed by Anthony Richardson....13
PLAGIARISM AND ORIGINALITY, by Alexander Lindey
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe....14
EL CAMPESINO, by Valentine Gonzales
Reviewed by Leo Lania....15
THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION, by Edward Hallett Carr
Reviewed by Frederick C. Barghoorn....16
HOMAGE TO CATALONIA, by George Orwell
Reviewed by Edmund Fuller....17
THE ARCHITECTURAL HERITAGE OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, 1640–1915
Reviewed by Walter L. Creese....18
WHITE COLUMNS IN GEORGIA, by Medora Field Perkerson
WHO LIVED HERE? by M. A. De Wolfe Howe
Reviewed by Wayne Andrews....19
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KIN HUBBARD, by Fred C. Kelly
Reviewed by John T. Winterich....20
ALIAS SIMON SUGGS, by W. Stanley Hoole
Reviewed by Carl Carmer....21
CITY OF DISCONTENT, by Mark Harris
Reviewed by Paul Engle....14
JOE MEEK, by Stanley Vestal
Reviewed by Richard L. Neuberger....21
REPORT FROM FORMOSA, by H. Maclear Bate
Reviewed by Hallett Abend....35

SR/THE ARTS

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes....24
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Arthur Knight....25
TV AND RADIO, by Robert Lewis Shayon....27

SR/DEPARTMENTS

TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf.... 6
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR....23
LITERARY CRYPT 27
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton....28
IDEAS ON FILM, by Cecile Starr....32
THE FILM FORUM....34
LITERARY I.Q. 36
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 955....43

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXV, No. 28, July 12, 1952. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1952 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good News

▶ In Charlotte, Mich., members of the junior class gave up a long-projected trip to Washington, D.C. The $2,400 they earned for the trip will be used to equip completely a modern emergency room in the new County Hospital. This is to serve as a memorial to three classmates recently killed in an automobile accident.

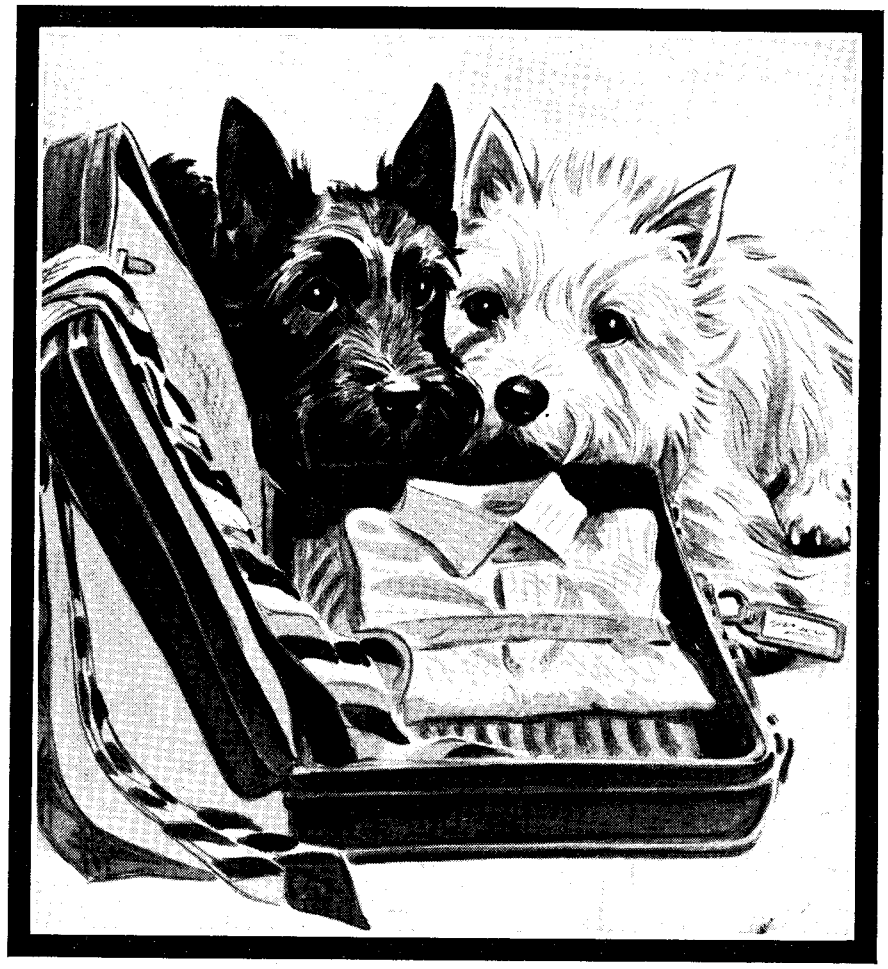
▶ An agreement between Israel and the United States has been signed under which American publishers may sell books and newspapers in Israel and be paid for them in dollars from the U. S. Treasury Department. The Israel Government has agreed that the Israel currency accruing from the sale of the American publications may be used by the U. S. Government for scientific, educational, and cultural activities in the young country.

▶ The generous contribution of an American publisher has made it possible for the Unitarian Service Committee to send one copy of an anesthesia textbook to almost every Japanese doctor who participated in the Anesthesia Section of the Institutes of Medical Education held in Japan in 1950. USC has also shipped eight cases of complete volumes of medical journals to the libraries of three medical schools in Japan.

▶ Apple-growers in South Australia are harvesting their heaviest crop in twelve years. It is estimated at 1,200,000 bushel cases, and apart from some slight hail damage the quality of the early varieties is exceptionally good.

▶ Here is another example of personal contact between the United Nations, its specialized agencies, and the peoples of the world. David S. Blanchard, an official of the Maritime Division of the International Labor Office, signed on as a member of the crew of a fishing trawler at Ostend, Belgium, to study at first hand conditions in the Belgian fishing industry. He will comply with working and living conditions of the crew, but will draw no pay.

▶ A two-pound, five-ounce baby was saved from death recently when the U.S. Navy sped bottled oxygen to a transport ship eight hundred miles out in the Atlantic. The baby, a girl, was born prematurely to a woman from Dallas, Tex., en route to England where her husband is now stationed.



Cheer Up...
He always takes us along!

"AND WE'RE ALWAYS WELCOME, WHITEY!"

"RIGHT, BLACKIE! PEOPLE EVERYWHERE PREFER BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY BECAUSE ITS QUALITY AND CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"
The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

FOR YEARS PEOPLE have been threatening to perform a variety of functions in Macy's window, but it remained for Barbara Emerson, Crowell's alert publicity director, to transform vague threats into concrete action. In the gloaming, some days ago, she paraded a group of dead-game and thirsty columnists and radio gabbers straight inside a Macy window on the Broadway side, and while passersby stopped to gape with wonder, staged a do in honor of Lester Gaba, fashion designer, and his newly published book which, by no coincidence whatever, bears the title of "The Art of Window Display." At the height of the festivities, a guest spotted a pedestrian with his nose flattened against the outside of the window, obviously enthralled by what was going on. "How wistful that poor fellow looks!" said the guest. "Shouldn't we ask him to join us?" "Wistful, my eye," answered Miss Emerson. "That's the president of Macy's."

MIGUEL GROSS, THE POSTER EXPERT, had an experience of his own with window dressing recently. Marooned for four hours between trains in a dinky Pennsylvania town, he ambled down the main street and was distressed to discover that by far the shabbiest and most neglected window front in sight belonged to the lone stationer and bookseller. Introducing himself to the proprietor, Miguel proposed, "I'll do your window over for nothing if you'll give me a free hand. I've got a couple of hours to kill, and my Latin sense of beauty and symmetry is offended by the crummy display now on view." "Go ahead if you like," agreed the proprietor with monumental disinterest. Miguel stripped off his jacket and went to work. Out came fly-specked posters of forgotten novels, tattered displays, the announcement of a lecture by John Mason Brown (who else?) delivered seven months previous—and about a three-inch layer of dust. The ingenious Miguel created a display that was a reasonable facsimile of a masterpiece by Van Duym (of the Scribner Van Duyms). Panting but triumphant, he led the proprietor into the street to admire his handiwork. "Not bad," admitted the proprietor, "but to tell you the truth, I liked it the old way a lot better."

LECTURING AT the University of Minnesota is a two-day stand: the branch at Duluth, though not comparable in size or enrollment to the parent institution, still reduces the average New England college to a district school in Wappinger Hollow by comparison. . . . In Duluth I was taken to the old home of Sinclair Lewis, perched on a hill overlooking Lake Superior and now housing an order of nuns. This is where "Red" Lewis wrote "Cass Timberlane," before moving on to his last home in Williamstown. "It's comfortable enough," he commented in one letter, "but if it's real luxury you're looking for out here, I advise you to cotton up to Margaret Culkin Banning. Her home would suit a maharajah!" . . . . Mrs. Banning was away from Duluth the day I was there, but I did get in for the tail end of a record smelt run in Lake Superior. All you had to do was dip a pail into the icy waters and come up with at least a dozen of the shimmering little fish. One enterprising huckster was selling them roasted whole—eyes, tails, and everything else—"as many as you can eat" for a dollar. I settled for a hot dog.

FLYING FROM MINNEAPOLIS to address the Alumni Association of Western Reserve in Cleveland, I had to change planes in Detroit. The Northwest Airlines stratocruiser was seemingly ready to take on passengers when I arrived at the Minneapolis airport but I was told that we had to wait for a Tokyo connection. "Tokyo, Minnesota?" I asked in all innocence. "Tokyo, *Japan*," laughed the attendant. A young ensign, home on leave, enthused, "Think of waiting for a connection from Japan in traveling from Minnesota to Michigan! Just a little while longer, and we'll have passenger planes flying as fast as the rotation of the earth around the sun. That means you'll be able to step aboard a plane at La Guardia and disembark in Los Angeles at exactly the same time. Isn't it wonderful?" That's when I received one of several recent intimations that I'm growing cautious and aged, and losing my old spirit of adventure. I didn't think it was wonderful at all. In fact, it scared the hell out of me.

BEFORE I LEFT MINNEAPOLIS, Cedric Adams gave me a copy of the album just published to celebrate his twenty-fifth anniversary as newspaper columnist and broadcasting star. (His new book, "All Things Considered," is scheduled by Doubleday for October publication.) Cedric's influence in the Twin Cities area cannot be exaggerated. One puff from him is worth more to an author or performer in the territory than paragraphs in a half dozen different nationally-syndicated columns. When he went on a diet—reducing from Herman Hickmanish proportions to a mere 220—ten thousand loyal followers dieted with him, causing the greatest shortage of prunes in the history of Minnesota. Before slimming down, Cedric visited the summer home of Publisher John Cowles at Lake Minnetonka. Attired in bathing trunks, he essayed a leap from a moving launch to the Cowles dock, and landed in a heap with a badly sprained left ankle. An ambulance was summoned, and Cedric loaded on to a stretcher. A woman in the crowd gazed at his prostrate form and exclaimed to her husband, "There's been another drowning! And look how bloated he is!"

BEFORE COMING EAST TO COMPLETE his autobiography, Ben Hecht wrote and produced a film for United Artists release in Hollywood called "Actors and Sin." One important part called for the services of a clever eight-year-old girl, and Ben immediately bethought himself of his own daughter Jenny. She covered herself with glory. After the preview, in fact, the press singled her out to write a piece for the next day's paper, revealing the events that led to her debut. Jenny, nothing loath, dashed off the following:

HURAY FOR ME
I GOT MY FIRST
PART

"Operator give me Arizona 3-5775," i was calling my friend Carol Fegte, and for the first time in over a month it was for a reason. Before Carol could say any thing i said, Carol, I'm learning a script so i can try out for a short story Dad's making into a movie i would be Daisy Marcher if i get it don't tell eny one but your

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mom and Dad!
"What?
What!
What?!" said Carol.
Then I got my breath and told her i was learning a part for Dad's movie, Concerning a women of Sin, and she said, Good.
I got mad 'cause she wasn't more excited and said, "Gee wizz aren't you going to wish me luck?"
"Oh yes," said carol, "Good luck"

"I'll forgive you i said and felt thing's were settled."
"Forgive me for what?" carol said.
"Don't start it again now that we're friends again" i said. "I have to hang up now" said Carol "by."
"by." i said.
Well in a few days i went and tried out and got the part, I found out i had it the next day when dad came home. I was real happy and when i got done telling Mom and Dad and Nanette over and over how happy i was, I asked who was going to play Flanny and dad told me about tracy Roberts and he told me about Edie Albert playing Mr. Higgens. After that I phoned Carol and told her, and she said "It's real neat that you got it and I'm real glad you got it and i'll get mom to give you a party if i have to kill my self, which i wouldn't mind if you came to my funieral." I thanked her, but i dint think i'd get any party, untill, the day before shooting we met the Fegtes, all of them, Mrs. Fegte Mr. Fegte and Carol Quitalou and Peter, out side the hotel and went to the Players for lunch and Carol gave me a bunch of red roses with some flower label sticks on them saying
Huray For Jenny You Got Your First Part, Carol

If she can turn out a piece like this at the age of eight, can you imagine what we may expect by the time Jenny is a lady?

—Bennett Cerf.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic (No. 954)

V. W. BROOKS:

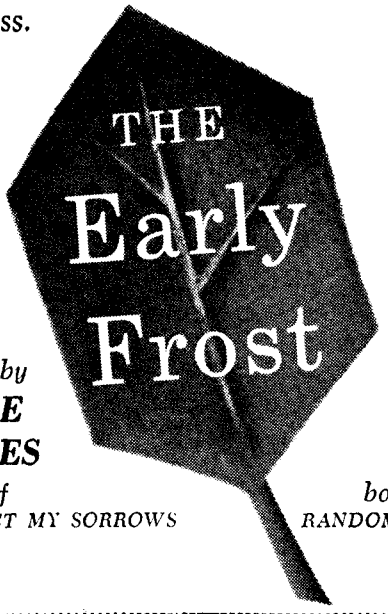
THE CONFIDENT YEARS 1885-1915

Even Mencken, the professional pessimist, came to believe in progress . . . André Gide spoke for millions . . . when he said, "Without the idea of a possible progress, life would no longer have any value for me" . . . This was the general American belief.

At 17, she knew too many shoddy substitutes for love

. . . the grudging, casual attention of her too beautiful, promiscuous mother . . . the half pitying, half understanding feeling of her schoolmates . . . the letters from the "lonely hearts" in the Personals Column . . . the schoolgirl crush which became so sordid.

For this is the story of a child of divorce, her gaudy adolescent dreams, her furious rebellion against her mother, and how she finally found the beginning of happiness.



A novel by
CLARE JAYNES
author of
INSTRUCT MY SORROWS

At all bookstores, $3.00
RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

HANDY SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street
New York 36, N. Y.

☐ **1 YEAR FOR $6**
☐ **2 YEARS FOR $11**
☐ **3 YEARS FOR $15**

☐ **Remittance Enclosed** ☐ **Bill Me**

Name .....

Address .....

City .....***Zone***.....***State***.....

(Add $1.00 per subscription year for Canadian and foreign orders excluding Pan America.)

7-12-52

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

JULY 12, 1952

Faulkner: Sorcerer or Slave?

EDITH HAMILTON

Edith Hamilton

"I DETEST nature," Picasso has said. He is the spokesman for the art of the age, our age, for the music we are listening to, the pictures we are looking at, the books we are reading. Today the usual and the normal, which is to say the natural, is being discarded. What is called abstract art has taken a foremost place. One of the most recent prizes was given to a sculptor for her figure of an animal shape, not like any animal that ever lived, but a representation of an indeterminate animal vaguely applicable to many kinds of living creatures. The sculptor had turned away from nature to depict an image she had conceived, a form existing only in her mind. When Picasso detests nature he is doing the same thing. He shuts out the detestable world his eyes show him and takes refuge in the inner world of himself where he perceives shapes only dimly connected with things that have actual existence.

Our artists are escaping from reality. This is no new thing, to be sure. In almost all ages there have been artists who escaped. What is new in our age is the direction they are taking. In the past a detestation of nature, a determination not to be dominated by fact, led persistently to the land of heart's desire where everyone and everything was good and true and beautiful. Now it leads to just the opposite, where nothing is good or true or beautiful. Of course one is just as much an escape as the other. It is just as far from reality to shut out all that is agreeable as to shut out all that is disagreeable. Both extremes are equally unreal, and both are equally romantic.

Romance is the refusal to accept things as they are, "the world being inferior to the soul," as Bacon says. All art bears either the romantic stamp or the classic. To the classic artist his chosen field is things as they are. He is repelled by anything unfamiliar and extraordinary, and he detests extremes. Greek art of course is the preeminent example of classic art. The Greeks had no desire whatever to turn away from nature. They did not see the usual and the normal as commonplace. The way they looked at them is perfectly exemplified in the statue of the girl bending over a basin to wash her hands. She is classic art in herself; beauty is embodied in a completely ordinary act. The Greeks saw beauty and significance in nature. If they took a romantic subject like the Iliad, they brought it down to earth and worked it out in ordinary surroundings which to them were not drab and dreary but interesting.

Both trends, the classical and the romantic, have their dangers, which perpetually threaten to destroy them and often have destroyed them. The spectre that haunts the classic artist is putting form ahead of spirit, style ahead of matter, polished convention ahead of free realism. The danger to the romantic, equally present whether he turns his back on ugliness or on loveliness, is sentimentality. It is easily recognized in the first case, but not in the second. There is a general impression that to describe things as dull and drab and unpleasant is realism and farthest removed from the roses and raptures of sentimentality. That is not true. The extremely unpleasant can be extremely sentimental. Sentimentality is always false sentiment. It is such a danger to the romantic artist because he has escaped from the domination of fact and sentimentality is falsehood to fact. When an artist detests nature he has thrown away his best defence against that danger. Nature is not sentimental.

When Edgar Lee Masters describes a baby:

> She was some kind of a crying thing
> One takes in one's arms and all at once
> It slimes your face with its running nose,
> And voids its essence all over you,
> And there you stand smelling to heaven—

he has fallen into one extreme of sentimental unreality as truly as Swinburne has into the other when he writes:

> A baby's eyes—
> Their glance might cast out pain and sin,

Edith Hamilton, formerly head of the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore, is the author of "The Greek Way" and "The Roman Way."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Their speech make dumb the wise,
By mute glad god-head felt within
A baby's eyes.

Neither Masters nor Swinburne, of course, were in the least concerned with what a baby is really like. They had escaped from that limitation. Perhaps each in his way was seeking for some other truth than the truth of nature, but all we know is that the result was falsehood for both of them, pure sentimentality, as much in the case of the nasty baby as in the case of the baby with the momentous eyes.

BEFORE the publication of the "Spoon River Anthology" Swinburne's was the prevailing mood. Thereafter the other extreme came into fashion. At present there is a brilliant group devoted to it, and the most brilliant of all is the Nobel Prize winner William Faulkner. He is our leading romanticist today; he too detests nature.

Mr. Faulkner's novels are about ugly people in an ugly land. There is no beauty anywhere. Whether he deliberately excludes it or does not perceive it, no one can say; but at least he says himself that a blossoming pear tree in the moonlight looks like hair streaming up from the head of a drowned woman, each hair distinct in the water from the others. He describes the scent of a blooming shrub, still wet with dew, as sickening. To walk through the woodlands in summer in "a gloom dimmer than the gray desolation of November" is to feel "malicious little eyes" watching (birds? squirrels?) while under foot the oozing earth crawls with snakes.

But the land is worse, far worse, than all of these unpleasant features put together. It ruins the people it nourishes. A dark curse lies on it. It was "already tainted before any white man owned it . . . from that old world's corrupt and worthless twilight as though in the sailfulls of the old world's tainted wind which drove the ships." Columbus's, presumably. The initial curse, connected with the dispossession of the Indians, appears to be—Mr. Faulkner is not quite clear about it—inherited by the North as well as the South, but its full effect is shown concentrated in the South. "Don't you see?" young Ike McCaslin cries in "The Bear." "Don't you see? This whole land, the whole South, is cursed, and all of us who derive from it, whom it ever suckled, lie under the curse."

The people, thus doomed, are like the land that dooms them. It is part of the fate that molds them. "Our rivers, our land: opaque, slow, violent, shaping and creating the life of man in its implacable and brooking image." At this point Poe comes irresistibly to mind, "The dank tarn of Auber—the misty mid region of Weir—the ghoul-haunted woodlands of Weir." It is the point in the realm of romance where extremes meet, Poe's lovely and lost Ulalume and Mr. Faulkner's curse-ridden men.

And his women? No one adjective or two can describe them. I confess his attitude to them puzzles me. I know nothing like it in literature outside of "The Golden Bough." Frazer's account of the way some primitive tribes feel toward young women, the mixture of violent attraction and equally violent repulsion, is just what Mr. Faulkner feels. Young women are not really human to him. He calls them "the Symbol of the ancient and eternal Snake." They are an embodied Menace to Man. Old they are more tolerable, but even in childhood, earliest childhood, they are already initiates of darkly secret rites. "They are born," Mr. Faulkner concludes, "already bored with what a boy approaches only at fourteen or fifteen with blundering and aghast trembling."

There is something familiar back of all this. As I see Mr. Faulkner, he was brought up in a community where religion took the form of condemning most things. Thou shalt not . . . I see him listening as a little boy to accounts of a jealous God, an implacable judge, who punished sin by inflicting suffering, before whose "awful and irrevocable judgment seat"—so he calls it—trembling human beings would have to stand even though they were "predestined," foredoomed to be saved or lost. Most of them to be lost, for humanity was born sinful. The only way to escape inexorable punishment here and hereafter was through the grace of God, mysteriously bestowed upon some, those chosen out for eternal bliss, and as mysteriously withheld from others, those not chosen. A man could not earn this saving grace; he could never deserve it; and yet without it he could not resist the evil which infected him on the day of his birth. Nevertheless if it was not given him the fault was his.

THESE are ideas which have in many periods darkened the world. Children brought up in their shadow will not be apt to see the things that are lovely or many things that are good. In such an atmosphere beauty and enjoyment are suspect, and sex of course is still worse. The relation between the sexes, indeed, always becomes a crucial difficulty. It had to be tolerated. There had to be children, fleshly though their origin was. At this point the Church could be counted on to give a helping hand: marriage was blest of God. Somehow they always made out, but only superficially. All that had to do with the flesh was tainted and all that had to do with sex was the most fleshly and the most tainted of all.

This was a heavy burden to be placed on the shoulders of a little boy who thought about the things he was

—From "Suwannee River."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

told. How could a blooming pear tree give him pleasure? Pleasant things were not only futile; they could be a fair cloak hiding what was ugly, and of course the cloak soon ceased to be fair. The eye can be trained not to see. Beauty and all things desirable can vanish out of sight.

Inevitably, gifted as he was, Mr. Faulkner worked his way through this maze of confused instincts and feelings and thoughts. He did it by a logic of his own. People were predestined; that part was true. They did not act of themselves; they were driven. "A volitionless servant of fatality," he calls one of his characters. His own peculiar twist was that they were always predestined to hell. Heaven was non-existent.

So too he had his own way of dealing with the conventional but precarious balancing act, aided and abetted by the church, between a point where women were spiritually sexless, chastely elevated above the flesh and only yielding to the gross male, and a point where they were shameless Sex embodied, tempting man to his fall. That tenuous connection between contradictions he cleared away by the reasonable method of dismissing the first kind of woman, but temperamentally he cannot take to the middle of the road, and so he swept all females together, little girls too. Eves, every one of them, forever holding out the apple to bewildered Adams.

Of course he repudiated the doctrines back of these notions. Mr. Faulkner will not be found in any little church today listening to the imprecatory psalms. But the ideas of God and man they express moulded him and made him what he is. He is to the very depths of him a Puritan, a violently twisted Puritan, a perverted Puritan, and that means something very strange indeed. In "The Sound and the Fury," Quentin finds out that his sister has been having relations with men. "Have there been very many?" he asks and she answers, "I don't know. Too many," and begs him to look after their father. With that a plan to help them all leaps into his mind. "I'll tell Father," he says to her, "then it'll have to be because you love Father then we'll have to go away amid the pointing and the horror the clean flame I'll make you say we did you thought it was them but it was me." But, extraordinarily, the idea of incest between his son and daughter is not comforting to father. In fact he rejects it. He tells Quentin, "i [*sic*] think you are too serious to give me any cause for alarm you wouldn't have felt driven to the ex-

(*Continued on page* 39)

Belles-Lettres. The fourth and latest American to win the Nobel Prize for literature (the others: Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, Pearl Buck) is given two close looks in *SR* this week. On page 8 Edith Hamilton appraises William Faulkner as the romantic chronicler of an ugly and twisted land; below Maxwell Geismar reviews a just-published critical study of his work by Irving Howe. The literary tradition of which Faulkner is both heir and creator is conscientiously analyzed in Edward Wagenknecht's "Cavalcade of the Novel," a history of the form in this country during the first half of the present century (page 11). . . . In warm weather, pictures and anecdotes serve as particularly agreeable approaches to most subjects, even literature. David E. Scherman's and Rosemarie Redlich's "Literary America" and Bill Brandt's "Literary Britain" (page 13) are fine albums of photographs that will evoke fond memories for everyone familiar with Anglo-American letters. Alexander Lindey's "Plagiarism and Originality" (page 14) is chockful of yarns about the making of books.

A Rapt & Tumid Power

WILLIAM FAULKNER: A Critical Study. By Irving Howe. New York: Random House. 203 *pp.* $3.

By Maxwell Geismar

I MUST confess that I read the advance sheets of Edith Hamilton's essay on Faulkner with some astonishment. What is the author of "The Greek Way" doing in the deep South of Faulkner's tales—this region of shadows and swamps and attic secrets, of ancestral halls in which echo only the sobs and shrieks of the decaying and the demented.

It is a long step from Athens to the Compsons and the Snopes clan of Jefferson, Mississippi, and Yoknapatawhpha County. Yet Miss Hamilton puts her finger on just those weaknesses in Faulkner's work which the present study by Irving Howe tends to minimize or deny. Mr. Howe himself can do excellent work, as in his recent review of "Witness" for the *Nation*. He can do good work as in his studies of Sherwood Anderson and Walter Reuther. I have never seen him quite so prosaic as in his new interpretation of a writer who is, after all, with all his faults, an interesting and colorful artist.

William Faulkner—"horrid prophecies."

What is the matter? My guess is that Mr. Howe, when trying to take a middle position between the present group of Faulkner idolators and a group of almost fanatical Faulkner haters, somehow found himself nowhere. Perhaps it is impossible to take a rational position about Faulkner anyhow—for the best things in his work proceed from an altogether different level of feeling and superstition. Take the items Miss Hamilton has listed: the "curse" on the South in Faulkner's work; the fear and hatred of women; the perverted Puritanism; the lack of true individuality in many (though not all) of his characters, who are indeed viewed as "volitionless servants of fatality." One could add to this list a fear and hatred of the Negro which is expressed in Faulkner's literary fantasies even while he denies it on the conscious level. (As a Southerner, of course, he likes the old-fashioned Negroes—servants and small farmers who know their place, or exslaves and old men, like the Lucas

Maxwell Geismar is the author of "Writers in Crisis" and "The Last of the Provincials." The third volume in this series of critical studies of the leading American novelists will appear in the spring of 1953.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beauchamp of "Intruder in the Dust," who are in no danger of upsetting the cultural institutions of the South.)

Mr. Howe takes the other line and stresses the "positive" elements of Faulkner's work—as Robert Penn Warren recently did, and as Faulkner himself did in his Nobel Prize speech. There is only one trouble with this argument—it doesn't work.

For why was it that directly after the Prize, Faulkner produced "Requiem for a Nun," which is undoubtedly one of the most contrived and adolescent works he has done, and which displays all his old prejudices and superstitions even more strongly under the guise of a lofty new moralism? No, Faulkner is good and at times even superb just when he expresses, not any sort of democratic or progressive credo—but the typical phobias and deep, haunting fears and obsessions of the cultural background whose supreme literary voice he really is. The decaying, incestuous Southern planter aristocracy in "The Sound and the Fury"; the tortured mulatto hero of "Light in August" who—touching the center of the buried fear and terror in the Southern mind itself—is the lover and then the murderer of the white woman who had urged him to become a rapist in her sexual fantasies: these are Faulkner's great and permanent achievements.

They may not be attractive, I admit, to Miss Hamilton's sense of classic harmony; they seem to escape Mr. Howe's analysis altogether—but there they are. One might add a third book, "Absalom, Absalom!" where Faulkner described both the origins and the fall of his haunted Southern dynasty in the chronicle of Sutpen, a prototypal figure of the Southern planter. And perhaps a fourth—"The Hamlet," which describes the antics of Faulkner's new Southern ruling class, the Snopeses who personify everything

Edward Wagenknecht—"not intimidated."

that is small, cunning, avaricious, corrupt, and comic. I should say that Mr. Howe's study is often acute and penetrating on this area of Faulkner's work—closer to social-economic patterns in the South—if it is weak on psychological and deeper cultural issues. For Faulkner is also an artist completely bound in by the class and caste concepts of his ancestry and origins—and every attempt he has made to break through these bonds of the spirit has only been further evidence of that "slavery" indeed to which the white masters as well as the black workers and servants of the Old South subjected themselves and their children, even to the latest generation.

Lillian Smith's "Killers of the Dream" had some very pertinent things to say about this aspect of modern Southern culture. I wonder what Faulkner would think of them. Richard Wright has also written about the Southern Negroes of Faulkner's own state who may not be content, as the white artist has recently suggested, to wait one or a thousand years more for their salvation. Because Faulkner has not been able to break through the taboos of his own social class—as for instance the Russian novelists of the nineteenth century did break through them—his work is often limited or, as in "As I Lay Dying," grandiose and rhetorical. But when he is back on his own ground—those shadows, swamps, morasses, and psychic quicksands of the still-haunted mind of the South which he knows so surely and so intuitively—he is still, as in his big books, a major writer: and one whose peculiar limitations are almost as illuminating to the cultural historian as are his grand flashes of genius.

A Token Is Better Than Youth

By Henry Goddard Leach

TEN years, and I saw the joy
On lips unkissed from the train
That kindled the glow of the boy
And lit the old flame again.

She is gone again from my sight,
Just waving her friendship to me
Like the flame of a firefly at night
Or the glow of the dawn on the sea.

Voices & Visions

CAVALCADE OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL. By Edward Wagenknecht. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 575 pp. $6.50.

By William Van O'Connor

THE table of contents of "Cavalcade of the American Novel" suggests that Professor Wagenknecht is not a man to be intimidated by current critical opinion. Mrs. Stowe and James Branch Cabell receive chapter length treatment. Marion Crawford, James Lane Allen, Hamlin Garland, Booth Tarkington, and Joseph Hergesheimer are given a third or fourth of the space in their respective chapters. But James T. Farrell and F. Scott Fitzgerald are given very summary treatment in an appendix and Glenway Westcott, alas, is not found even in a footnote.

Professor Wagenknecht gives this account of his inclusions and exclusions: "About all I can say is that, among contemporaries especially, I have been able to do little more than choose representatives of various schools and tendencies. . . . It is true that some names are here primarily because I think they have been neglected elsewhere. But it is also true that I have omitted some writers whom I like very much and that I have included others whose work I do not enjoy at all."

This rationale seems a little confused. Why should an important contemporary, like Faulkner, receive much less attention than Mrs. Stowe if one is trying to write the whole history of the American novel? Secondly, it would be more appropriate, one would think, to write an article or two to help promote a little boom for neglected authors rather than include them in a history at the expense of better writers who have not been neglected. Again, if one is to follow personal likes and dislikes to the point of giving a whole chapter to Cabell and more space to Hamlin Garland than to Stephen Crane, it appears arbitrary to include discussions of authors he does not admire. If he had held firmly to his likes and dislikes throughout, he would have made it easier for his reader to decide just what critical principles and theses about the American novel Professor

William Van O'Connor, professor of English at the University of Minnesota, has written several works on contemporary writing. He is also the editor of "Forms of Modern Fiction: Essays Collected in honor of Joseph Warren Beach."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wagenknecht finds most useful or significant.

Getting into the center of Professor Wagenknecht's principles is not especially easy. One has only minor clues. He says Farrell's work has been a battleground between the advocates of restraint and the defenders of the "new frankness." Surely, at this stage in our fiction, frankness of this sort is hardly "new"—Mr. Farrell's own brand of it is at least twenty years old. Professor Wagenknecht provides an extensive bibliography of discussions of Hemingway's work, but the one essay, that by Robert Penn Warren, devoted to a close study of the relationships between Hemingway's point of view, characteristic subjects, and narrative technique is not listed. And there is this sentence in a footnote: "The one work of James's which has suffered from Freudian mauling is 'The Turn of the Screw,' where we are supposed to see the ghosts as subjective creatures of the governess's sex-starved imagination. . . . " It may well be that the Freudian interpretation is incorrect, but the tone of Professor Wagenknecht's sentence, especially the phrase "Freudian mauling," suggests that he is not very sympathetic with such a critical approach.

Many of the insights and judgments made in this volume are useful and sound, but they tend to be caught in a flow of discussion that is chatty and anecdotal. The tone of the writing suggests a once-over-lightly approach.

Thus, a casual sentence on Melville's "Benito Cereno": "A beautiful and highly wrought work of art, and an astonishing anticipation of Conrad, it is perhaps faulty only in that the final resolution of the action is somewhat clumsily made." It would help to know what Professor Wagenknecht has in mind: there is a peculiarly somnolent, deadened tone to Melville's prose in this story. The reader might want to know if it is this quality to which Professor Wagenknecht refers. He might also want to know why it was employed. There are undoubtedly similarities between Conrad and Melville—but what specifically in this story? And what specifically is wrong with the resolution, the use of documents to report events, or what? There are also occasional errors of detail that suggest hurry or lack of sufficient attention. Parchman, for example, is not the name of the convict in Faulkner's "Old Man"; it is the name or location of the state prison. And it was Faulkner's great-grandfather, not his grandfather, who wrote "The White Rose of Memphis"; the grandfather was a banker, not an author.

Syn, Anto, & Homo Nym

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 2 vols. 2068 *pp.* $22.50.

By Anne Campbell

THE foreword says that this dictionary has been in preparation since 1941 by an American staff of scholars and editorial workers for American users of the English language. It was planned as a desk dictionary to reflect current usage and pronunciation, to be scholarly and of use to the student and teacher as well as to the general reader.

Two pages on pronunciation expand the information in the pronunciation key printed at the base of each right-hand page so that it is always visible when the book is open. The standard of pronunciation followed is the "General American," especially as used by literate speakers in Cleveland, Ohio.

The 142,000 entries are arranged in one alphabet so that biographical entries, place names, abbreviations, phrases, words, and foreign terms are all listed together, thus increasing the convenience of this dictionary. Colloquial and popular terms, new words, and slang have been included as well as idiomatic phrases; for example, you find *butterfingers, cybernetics, grand* meaning one thousand dollars, and *go back on.* Many phrases, such as *atomic energy* and *local government* which are listed under the first word, and *keep a stiff upper lip* which is listed under *lip,* greatly increase its value as a record of idiomatic American English.

The definitions are extremely readable and *au courant.* For example, the first definition of *loyal* is "faithful to the constituted authority of one's country." The definition of *existentialism* is "a literary-philosophic cult of nihilism and pessimism, popularized in France after World War II, chiefly by Jean-Paul Sartre: it holds that each man exists as an individual in a purposeless universe, and that he must oppose his hostile environment through the exercise of his free will."

There are many small black and white illustrations throughout, but some are so tiny that the details are hard to see.

New words are well represented by such terms as *geriatrics, bebop, television, Spar, radar, huckster* as an advertising man, and *gray market.* Derivatives are separately listed and defined; for example, *cabalistical* and *cabalism* are listed and defined separately rather than being given at the end of the definition of *cabala.*

There is a considerable amount of other material in this dictionary which is indicated by the publisher's use of the term "Encyclopedic Edition" on the title-page. The article on "The English Language," by Harold Whitehall, which follows the "Guide to the Use of the Dictionary" at the beginning of the book, is a valuable addition, a pithy description of modern American English comprising a theoretical discussion of pronunciation and grammar, followed by a short history of the language and of English dictionaries. The material on the English language and its history is a popularization for the general reader of the technical material which the language specialist uses. The two pages on "The Development of the English Dictionary" are unusual. The paragraphs about the earlier dictionaries are most satisfactory. Those on the late nineteenth- and twentieth-century American dictionaries do not give the amount of detail or the criticism which the reader needs to bring the history up to date.

The "Dictionary of Synonyms, Antonyms, and Analogous Words" is a helpful section at the end of the book. "Forms of Address" is also a useful list but military titles are omitted from this special section. There is also a considerable amount of such material as population statistics for American and foreign cities and the Declaration of Independence which is very useful and not generally considered necessary in a dictionary.

The physical form of "Webster's New World Dictionary" is large and heavy, the two volumes are ten and three-quarters inches tall, and each is two and three-quarters inches thick. This is far larger than other dictionaries which are called "desk dictionaries." The paper used is pleasantly opaque and heavy and the page is easy to read.

It must be pointed out that although the word "Webster" appears in the title this is not a Merriam-Webster dictionary but is published by the World Publishing Company. Libraries and schools will find the "New World Dictionary" a valuable addition to their reference collections and the general reader who has the space to accommodate so bulky a book will find its content useful and interesting.

Anne Campbell is senior librarian in the Reference Department of the Newark, N. J., Public Library.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Warrior Tongue

LITERARY AMERICA. By David E. Scherman and Rosemarie Redlich. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 176 pp. $5.

LITERARY BRITAIN. Photographed by Bill Brandt. New York: British Book Centre. 212 pp. $10.

By Anthony Richardson

THESE two books are completely independent of each other, alike in conception and in execution. (The Scherman-Redlich team already has a "Literary England" to its credit, but "Literary Britain" is another affair altogether.) "Literary America" is subtitled "A Chronicle of American Writers from 1607 to 1952 with 170 photographs of the American Scene that Inspired Them," and the description is accurate. Each author is discussed in an illuminating text-panel, and captions are usually complemented by direct quotation from the author himself. You get, then, not only surpassingly fine pictures, but pertinent samplings of literary wares, plus short, biographical-expository-critical thumbnailings of the authors which assume that the reader knows the difference, alike in time and theme, between William Bradford and William Faulkner. Ninety-two authors are represented, from Captain John Smith (ruins of Jamestown Church) to Eudora Welty (ruins of the Natchez Trace). Panels, quotes, and photographs are so deftly assembled that the leafer-through quickly becomes a reader, and the few minutes he intended to give the collection can easily run into hours. Here is full value and noble entertainment, plus a painless, non-patronizing refresher course in American letters.

David Scherman and Rosemarie Redlich spent two years taking pictures and gathering copy for "Literary America," but the British Isles are tidier and tinier, and Bill Brandt was able to get together pictures and text for "Literary Britain" in a single year. He did a superb job. His arrangement is alphabetical by authors (the Scherman-Redlich scheme is chronological), and Shaw thereby comes immediately after Shakespeare (which Shaw would not approve), and Swift is sandwiched between Stevenson and Swinburne. But if this be a minor irritant (and there is no reason in the world why it should be), the pictures more than make up for it. They are full page, bled on all outer edges, and framelessness lends them a striking sense of actuality and expanse. They represent, chiefly, buildings, but let it not be assumed that these are mere architectural studies. Nothing could be more impressive than the grace of Cheyne Row, the spaciousness of Hughenden Hall, or the stark angularity of Burslem Town Hall.

This comment may reasonably include a not inapposite incident which Leo Solomon relates in his recent "There's Money in Pictures" (Funk & Wagnalls, $3), a lucid, sensible, and eminently practical manual for the amateur photographer who wants to know all about the picture market. Some years ago a New York picture agency asked its London office for a photograph of Tennyson's brook—the one that was supposed to go on forever. Nothing happened. New York queried again. So sorry, came the answer. The brook had dried up.

"Literary America" and "Literary Britain" are perfect table books. But they will not stay on the table—somebody will always be picking one of them up and yielding to its lookability, its readability, and its durable charm.

Springfield Solitary

CITY OF DISCONTENT. By Mark Harris. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 403 pp. $4.50.

By Paul Engle

IN A foreword of his "Collected Poems" Vachel Lindsay remarked that he was told "on every hand I must quit being an artist, or beg. So I said, for the third time, 'I will beg.'"

That is the sort of man with whom this new biography deals. In a time when the solid word "security" is a slogan by which we live, it is astonishing and heartening to find a poet who says quite calmly, and for the third time, "I will beg." There is a quality in this book which shames us; we all compromise now and then in the little things, but Lindsay was a man who never compromised, big or little. Rather than twist his talent an inch from the way he felt it had to go, he begged. In the last year of his life, rather than do anything other than what he thought it was his destiny to do—write poetry and sing it—he ignored the unpaid bill when the electricity was turned off and read by candlelight.

Mark Harris has not simply put down the facts of Vachel Lindsay's life, or accounted for the poetry. He has tried to reconstruct out of his own imagination actual scenes with their dialogue and action. In addition, he has provided a good deal of background from the years of his childhood, youth, and maturity. Often this is very well done, with a ring of rightness in the situation which wholly justifies the fabrication. There is a fine description of Bryan's visit to Springfield when the powerful, gold voice from the Platte shouted "The people have a right to make their own mistakes," and the sixteen-year-old Lindsay heard it and later, in a natural way we have almost lost, put the words of a politician into a poem. He put himself in, too, for he had gone with his best girl and in the poem confessed his awkwardness: "With my necktie by my ear, I was stepping on my dear."

Here, too, is the pathetic story of a man more devoted to his hometown (Springfield, Ill.), in all probability, than any poet in this country has ever been, and yet, save for a handful of people who literally gave him

---

Paul Engle, professor of English at the University of Iowa, is the author of a number of volumes of verse, including "West of Midnight" and "The Word of Love."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their hand, either ignored or openly disliked in it. Who can tell what the effect on Lindsay might have been in terms of hope and health and even the refusal to take his own life, had he felt himself wanted and liked. For he was a prophetic person whose vision of a blessed city was not located in any remote paradise, but in the middle of a midwestern state everyone knew too well.

Some known facts of Lindsay's life are curiously omitted (why not relate his trip to Glacier Park with Stephen Graham?), there is a notable lack of personal records such as letters and diaries (no doubt unavailable because of prior use by Edgar Lee Masters in his earlier life of Lindsay), and a glossing over of certain of the grimmer implications of his private life and of the thinness of some of the poems. But these reservations do not keep the book from being an exceptionally skilful and sympathetic reconstruction of a poet's tangled years. Mr. Harris laments the shabby way in which this country often treated a poet so deeply devoted to it, so determined to celebrate its landscapes, its people, its past. But he also candidly recounts ways in which Lindsay was undeniably a difficult person, one who could easily appear, to many who knew him slightly, a plain fool.

There is little attempt at a rigorous analysis of the poetry, Mr. Harris preferring to stick to the man himself rather than his work. There is also a lack of revelation in the account of the final day ending in suicide. Yet reading back through the book one can say that the author has visualized all of Lindsay's life as leading inexorably to that last almost melodramatic act of drinking the poison. Here is one of the desperate moments of American history: in the house where he had been born, where he had crawled as a baby on the floor, a shattered poet, his belly burning with the fatal liquid, crawls up the stairway on his hands and knees. This was in that city of which he had written, "Let every street be made a reverent aisle." And we are shamed by this, too.

We are not chanters and visionaries today, and it may be that for the moment there is no other way, but it is excellent to have this book to jolt us into realizing again that it is proper for a poet to write about Kalamazoo, a broncho, the buffalo, a governor, a calliope. We praise Mr. Harris for the fluent shrewdness with which he has praised Vachel Lindsay.

—*Culver Service.*

Vachel Lindsay and his wife—soon "burning with the fatal liquid."

Me-Too!

PLAGIARISM AND ORIGINALITY. By Alexander Lindey. New York: Harper & Bros. 366 pp. $5.

By Henry C. Wolfe

IF YOU write or expect to—and who doesn't?—here is your Pandora's box. It is crammed full and brimming over with good things—the tops in legal guidance, tales of art's great and would be's, more fun than a barrel of copyrights. In the bargain, Alexander Lindey, authority in the law of literary property, demonstrates his theory of originality by being as original as all get out.

Disillusioning as the truth may seem at first, "all creative people borrow." Charles Lamb called it "honest stealing." In what amounts to a capsule survey of literature and art, Mr. Lindey brilliantly cites chapter and verse to show that genius is original, but does not originate. Who is your idol—Dante, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Goethe, Brahms, Victor Herbert? In the difference between what he took and what he gave lies the margin of the creative imagination. His is the high realm of art, not the mean terrain of plagiarism.

To Wilson Mizner is attributed the cynical quip: "If you steal from one author, it's plagiarism; if you steal from many, it's research." There are laws, as Mr. Lindey points out in illuminating and diverting detail, to protect that one author from the plagiarist. Nevertheless, the latter can and often does make it troublesome and costly for the author to defend his rights. Belasco, the most-sued man in the history of plagiarism, spent thirty years defending suits. Between 1920 and 1930, more than a third of the successful Broadway playwrights had to fight suits. "Nobody," Mr. Lindey observes, "ever gets sued on a novel that winds up on the remainder counters or on a play that folds in three days or on a movie that doesn't click." And the catch is that, although the author wins his case, the plagiarism-crier may be bankrupt.

There is no page of "Plagiarism and Originality" where you cannot put in a thumb and pull out a plum of practical legal advice, crisply told anecdote, or delightful humor. Sculptors, composers, cartoonists, scenarists, fashion designers, radio scripters all have their day in erudite Judge Lindey's wonderful court. The classic gagmen are out in force, from Aristophanes to Fred Allen, with a popular

(*Continued on page* 37)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The USSR & The World. In the past thirty-five years the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics has grown from a toddler to one of the two biggest boys in the contemporary world. The story is told by the half dozen books reviewed here, each in its own fashion. "The Bolshevik Revolution" (page 16) is the second panel in Professor Edward Hallett Carr's scholarly trilogy on the period 1917 to 1923, this volume dealing specifically with the new order in economics. "Homage to Catalonia" (page 17) is the late George Orwell's eyewitness report on the Soviets' first large-scale imperialistic adventure, the Spanish Civil War. "El Campesino" (below) is Valentin Gonzales's chilling account of what became of the Communists' Spanish military hero after that war was over. And H. Maclear Bate's "Report from Formosa" (page 35) is a realistic and provocative statement of what is taking place in the only part of China that has not yet fallen under Russian domination.

Valentin Gonzales—"primitive and tragic."

Singed Slaughterer

EL CAMPESINO: Life and Death in Soviet Russia. By Valentin Gonzales and Julian Gorkin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 218 *pp.* $3.50.

By Leo Lania

"EL CAMPESINO" (the peasant) was the *nom de guerre* of the famous Communist General in the Spanish Civil War. Hailed by Moscow as a shining example of a true revolutionary he was rewarded by his Russian masters for his loyalty and courage first with the Order of Lenin and, after the fall of the Republican Government, with the singular honor of being admitted to the Frunze Academy, the highest Military College in the Soviet Union. He married a close friend of Stalin's daughter. Then his road took a sharp turn and he found himself in hell. The "distinguished comrade" was suddenly a "Trotzkyite criminal"; he became a prisoner in the infamous Lubianka, a slave laborer in Siberian coal mines.

We have by now dozens of books in which former Communists describe how their dreams of a better world turned into terrible nightmares. Among these publications the story of Valentin Gonzales holds a unique place. First, because in contrast to the other "traitors" Gonzales is not an intellectual, his rebellion against the Soviet order was not motivated by theoretical deviations from the official Party line but by his indomitable individualism and his simple longing for freedom. And second, because he is one of very few victims who not only survived the horrors and agonies of prisons and concentration camps but actually escaped from the land of the living dead.

Valentin Gonzales is not a nice contemporary. Members of the Loyalist government describe him as brutal and illiterate and insist that he owed his career in the Civil War not to his superior ability as a military leader but to the intrigues of the Communists who were interested in having a genuine peasant in command of an army and used him for their own propaganda purposes. Gonzales himself confirms this by his frank self-portrait:

> They [the Communists] found it useful that the name of a commander who was a prominent Communist should inspire terror, behind the lines as well as at the front. . . . I had been brought up in a school of terrorism. I did not shrink from violence. I am not pretending that I was not guilty of ugly things myself, or that I never caused needless sacrifice of human lives. . . . Throughout the Spanish war, I held power over life and death in my hands. I do not say that I always used it wisely or even justly. I do not apologize for anything I have done.

He advances, however, this excuse: "The excesses of which I may have been guilty myself were nothing compared with those of the Moscow Communists. I did not slaughter my comrades in arms for disagreeing with my political opinions."

In every revolution we encounter this type of rebel who is a strange mixture of a bandit and a fighter for freedom, a combination of ruthless killer and goodhearted savage. Such men are never able to adapt themselves to a life under law and order. This modern Robin Hood who had been an outlaw since his early youth would have come into conflict with every organized society. But no other system would have exploited such a man as shamelessly and unscrupulously as the Soviet regime, and punished him so cruelly for his naive trust in its promises.

There is another, more important aspect to this story. Here we have one of the very rare inside reports on the life among the privileged caste in the "classless society." As a member of the Frunze Academy, Gonzales drew a salary of 1,000 rubles a month when the average monthly earnings of workers in Moscow ranged from 250-300 rubles. He was showered with privileges and luxuries no average citizen could even dream of—and not allowed to walk a single step without being shadowed by an NKVD agent. The Soviet system prides itself upon having abolished prostitution but nearly every girl Gonzales met in the Academy—secretaries and interpreters—were "Stakhanovites of love" in the service of the Secret Police. Everyone was spying on everyone else.

Expelled from the Frunze Academy for his lack of discipline, an example of which was his declaration that the German army was superior to the Russian, the hero and general was sent to manual labor on the construction of the Moscow underground. When the German armies broke through and approached the city, Gonzales escaped first to Tashkent and later joined his wife in Kazakstan. Rearrested, he again tried to escape, and after many hair-raising adventures crossed the border into Iran, only to be kidnaped by N.K.V.D. agents in Teheran and returned to Moscow.

In the Lubianka prison Gonzales was questioned every night for two months, and nearly every night for another six months. The description

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Sovfoto.*

Lenin, Stalin, and Kalinin in 1919—"(a) Socialist order without the . . . democratic and capitalist foundation."

of these continuous interrogations gives the best answer to the question of how confessions in Communist countries are obtained. Gonzales did not confess, he refused to sign anything, and he did not break down.

The next station was a Siberian labor camp in the midst of the frozen "Taiga" north of the Arctic Circle. And again he escaped. After many months of hard labor during which many of his comrades perished he obtained, in June 1947, by a ruse and with the help of a woman doctor who had fallen in love with him, a legal permit to spend four months in the South to recover from an accident he had suffered in the mines. He went to Samarkand, tried again to escape, was again caught, again transferred to a labor camp. In December 1949 the camp in the Caucasian Mountains was shaken by a violent earthquake which destroyed all the prison records. He took advantage of this incident and convinced the camp commander that he had served his term.

General Gonzales is not a hero for whom one could feel pity or compassion — El Campesino, the peasant, however, who groped for freedom and encountered in his "socialist fatherland" a more terrible tyranny, more suffering and injustice than he had ever known in his native Fascist Spain is a symbol of our age and an object lesson as to how far the Soviet regime has become a repository of all the evils against which it proposes to fight.

Marx Turned to Blood

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION: 1917-1923. Vol II. By Edward Hallett Carr. New York: Macmillan Co. 400 pp. $6.

By Frederick C. Barghoorn

PROFESSOR CARR began his pioneer week on the Bolshevik Revolution, 1917-1923, last year with a volume dealing with political institutions. Another volume, promised for next year, is to analyze Soviet foreign policy. The present book interprets the "economic order" of these crucial years.

As Mr. Carr points out in his preface, he was confronted by difficult problems in organizing his material —of periodization and of the balancing of topical and chronological elements. His solution to the first was to group his material chronologically under three periods: "The Impact of the Revolution," "War Communism," and "NEP." These main sections are preceded by a brief introductory chapter on "Theories and Programs," and topped off by another short chapter on "The Beginnings of Planning." There is also a very brief transition chapter entitled "From War Communism to NEP."

Mr. Carr relates his economic categories to the above political chronology by breaking each of the three main sections of the book into subsections, dealing respectively with agriculture, industry, labor and trade unions, trade and distribution, and finance. This is a neat if somewhat conventional arrangement. It makes it rather difficult to follow the main threads of the revolutionary process. Taken together with the topical division of the work as a whole, this chopping up of the material makes for some confusion.

The major unifying factor in this volume, as in the first, is theoretical. Mr. Carr views the course of the revolution as the inevitable product of the breakdown of capitalism under Russian conditions. Much of Mr. Carr's basic approach is contained in the following sentences on page 270:

> The economic backwardness of Russia had smoothed the path for the political triumph of the revolutionaries, since they had been opposed only by the survivals of an obsolete feudalism and by an undeveloped and still inefficient capitalism. But the same fact made the subsequent work of socialist construction infinitely difficult, since they were called on to build a new socialist order without the solid democratic and capitalist foundation which Marx-

Frederick C. Barghoorn is the author of "The Soviet Image of the United States: A Study in Distortion."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ist theory had treated as indispensable.

It is obviously a formulation sympathetic to "the revolutionaries." Mr. Carr is not fully successful in applying it to his data. This volume lacks some of the tight coherence of the first, probably partly because economic data cannot be so easily analyzed as can political and perhaps also because the figure of Lenin did not dominate the economic scene as he did the political. Wherever Lenin does appear, he is treated most sympathetically. Typical is the statement that Lenin's sponsoring of what might seem the demogogic Bolshevik revolution promising "workers' control" of production furnished evidence of his "political genius."

While Mr. Carr occasionally indicates that major Bolshevik policy decisions were dictated by expediency, he does not question the justice or wisdom of Bolshevik policy as a whole. He seems to view it as a logical application of Marx's conceptions, which he considers "political and revolutionary" and at the same time "scientific and evolutionary."

On the whole it would seem fair to characterize this volume as a competent but partial historical essay. Complex developments are treated too briefly to grasp them fully but in too much detail to see them with easy clarity. Data and points of view which are at variance with the author's purpose are passed over lightly. The Bolsheviks act with a rationality which hardly accords with the atmosphere of a passionate and turbulent revolution; the "proletariat" and "peasantry" are treated implicitly as the objects of history—as Lenin may have regarded them.

The fight against Communism — the popular sport of quarreling over loot.

No Middle Stool!

HOMAGE TO CATALONIA. By George Orwell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 232 pp. $3.50.

By Edmund Fuller

LIONEL Trilling's introduction to Orwell's book on Spain performs a function of particular importance, both by appraising the book itself, and by relating it to the whole of Orwell's life and work. Without this interpretive help, the book probably would not carry its proper weight today. Indeed, I think that Mr. Trilling may overstate its values somewhat. I'm not persuaded that it is really "one of the important documents of our time." I'm inclined to regard it as a minor document, though one of definite value.

"Homage to Catalonia" was published in England in 1938, before the struggle in Spain had ended. It received scant attention, and has not been published in this country until now.

The first realization of Communist betrayal of the Spanish Republican cause reached this country in the persons of disaffected American Communists, who survived and returned. The American political climate was foggy and there was a tendency on the part of leftish liberals to accept the Communist denunciation of these dissidents as "Trotskyites."

Orwell went to Spain in 1937 as a journalist. He enlisted as a militiaman in the war he felt must be won at any price. His presence in Barcelona, and other random circumstances, took him into a P.O.U.M. unit (Party of Marxist Unification—a Socialist group). He would have preferred to be in a Communist unit, and might have transferred later, for at first he thought the Communist "line" was sound and that Communist discipline and strategy held out the best prospect for winning the war.

Before a transfer could be made, Orwell learned how deep the political cleavages were. He found himself being shot at on the streets of Barcelona by Communists. It was characteristic of Orwell that no transfer to or reconciliation with Communism was possible after that. He would not ally with a party that callously and cynically denounced as "Fascists" the anti-Franco units with which it was politically at odds. Orwell escaped from Barcelona and went home.

Contrary to propaganda, there was a strong revolutionary element in the battle against Franco. Many splinter factions of Socialists and anarchists were intent on revolution, and not on the status quo of the Republic. Communist policy, for complex factors of European balance-of-power, was to avert a Spanish revolution even at the possible, and finally the actual, cost of a Franco victory.

—By Luis Quintanilla from "Franco's Black Spain."

A great and historic faith turned into a cruel parody of itself.

The tragedy of this thing, which neither Orwell nor Trilling stresses, lies in a double irony. Many young men, Communists or not, from America, England, and other countries, went to fight Franco. Those who went under the aegis of Communism did not know, until too late, that Communist policy had purposes to which the apparent struggle was secondary.

But alas, the second facet of tragic irony: if we could imagine the Communist Party out of the picture, was the rest of the Franco resistance a movement to which mature and informed democratic sympathizers might really have lent their lives in support? Was it truly a cause of what Orwell had called "common decency"? Certainly these divisive, irresponsible, anarchist-socialist-syndicalist elements, with what there may have been of authentic bourgeois-democratic forces, did not form a stable body. If the war, as Orwell still was hoping, could have been won—what then? Certainly chaos, and ultimately Franco. In short, a country that is the shambles Spain then represented, is foredoomed.

Internally, this is a Spanish tragedy, meriting sympathy. But as one who saw the blinded zeal in this country, and its cost, I cannot take my eyes from the wasted sacrifice of those who died for an apparent ideal which cloaked a blend of irresponsibility,

(*Continued on page* 35)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americana. If you would learn about the nature of the land you live in you can of course pore over constitutions and political histories. But an equally reliable and certainly far more pleasant key to the heart of America lies in the study of such things as the houses people live in, the tales they tell each other, the jokes they swap. Three books we review this week reveal much about America through its architecture—the great homes of the Gilded Age and more modest ones of colonial times ("Architectural Heritage of Newport, Rhode Island," below), the proud mansions of the antebellum South ("White Columns in Georgia," page 19), the less ostentatious but equally proud residences of history-making New Englanders ("Who Lived Here?" page 19). Two humorists and storytellers whose wit was unmistakably and delightfully American are the subject of Fred C. Kelly's "Life and Times of Kin Hubbard" (page 20) and W. Stanley Hoole's "Alias Simon Suggs" (page 21).

Cradle of Elegance

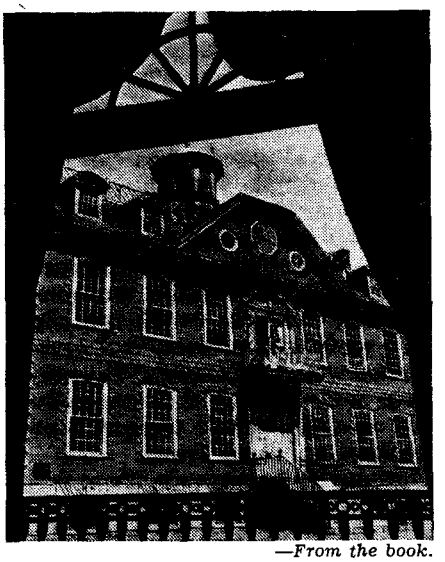
THE ARCHITECTURAL HERITAGE OF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, 1640-1915. By Antoinette F. Downing and Vincent J. Scully, Jr. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 230 *pp.* $18.50.

By Walter L. Creese

A SURPRISING amount of the best recent literature on American architecture has had a positive urge toward preservation behind it. This book is a case in point. Initially responsible for it is the Preservation Society of Newport County. According to Maxim Karolik's foreword, the Society has been in existence for only seven years. The facts that its beginnings coincide with the end of World War II and that this handsome book is a superior achievement give considerable insight into the cause of such preservation movements and the conviction which is carrying them forward.

The text of the book is divided into four parts. The first three on seventeenth - century, eighteenth - century, and early republican architecture are by Antoinette Downing, already well known for her "Early Homes of Rhode Island" and chairman of the Society's Survey of Newport Architecture. The data from this survey have made possible the extensive information in the text and the copious maps, appendices, notes, and supplement. The fourth part on summer architecture in Newport between 1840 and 1915 is by Professor Vincent Scully of Yale and probably reflects research he has done for a forthcoming book on nineteenth-century domestic architecture along the entire Eastern Seaboard. He, unfortunately, omits even footnotes. The contrast in approach between the two authors within a single volume is almost immediately noticeable and is perhaps best explained as a natural result of the history of Newport which falls into two distinct categories, intra- and extramural in outlook.

Mrs. Downing has been especially successful in locating some four hundred dwellings still standing in the Newport area which date before 1840. Fourteen of them are from the seventeenth century. Although Newport was unlike other, more theocratic New England communities in being without a village green surrounded by wooden churches, a satisfactory substitute has been developed in the long square or Mall, on one end of which is the bulky and impressive brick Colony House and on the other the more academic and later Brick Market. Nine of the colonial public buildings and churches are left. As Mrs. Downing gradually introduces us into the social life of the community we are persuaded that the architecture of a town does correspond pretty closely to the inherent general quality and cultural level of its citizens.



—*From the book.*

The Colony House—"bulky and impressive."

In colonial Newport this record makes pleasant reading. Among the five largest cities on the eve of the Revolution, it was both prosperous and broad-minded. Founded in 1639 by Antinomians driven out of Boston the year before, it welcomed Quakers and Jews from the seventeenth century on. Physical evidence of this can be observed still in the Quaker Meeting House of 1700, the Touro Synagogue, first in America, the Sabbatarian Meeting House, and Trinity Church. Intellectual breadth is also signified by Peter Harrison's Redwood Library of 1748, deriving from a philosophical club founded two decades earlier, the Society for the Promotion of Knowledge and Virtue by a Free Conversation.

The American Revolution disintegrated the sea trade upon which Newport depended. By the time the British occupation was over some three hundred houses had been destroyed, mostly for firewood, and several of the churches had been badly damaged, among them that of the remarkable Dr. Ezra Stiles, minister of the Second Congregational Church, librarian of the Redwood Library for thirty years, and afterward president of Yale. When the city came to life again it was primarily as a summer resort, carrying over one of its secondary functions which had begun as early as 1730 when West Indians and Southerners had started to use it as a vacation spot. This is the period Professor Scully tells us about in two chapters, "The Stick Style" and "The Shingle Style." Ever since the publication in 1939 of Henry-Russell Hitchcock's short book on Rhode Island architecture there has been a strong feeling that the later Newport houses deserved a closer scrutiny. Mr. Scully's study justifies this feeling fully and conclusively.

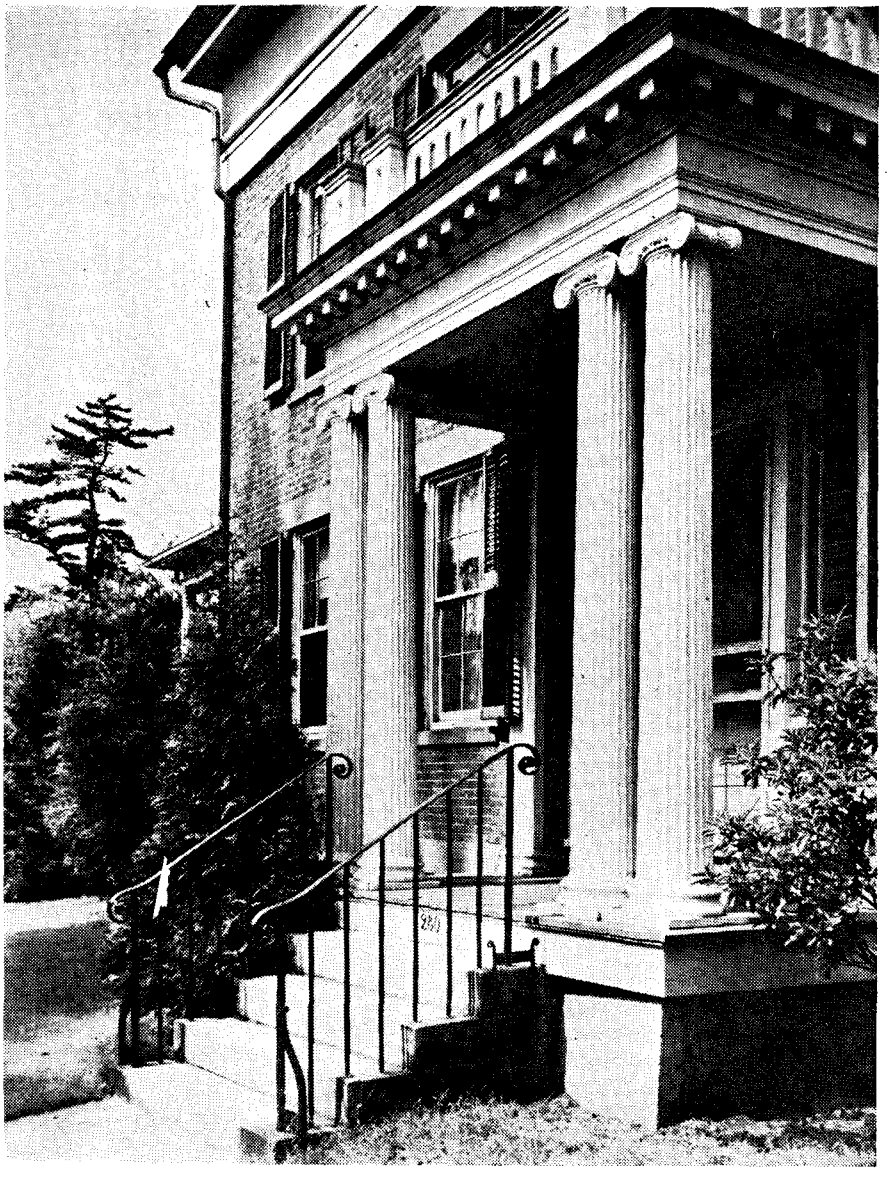
The backbone of his essay is the idea that in the Newport milieu, as in a kind of experimental laboratory, house types were evolved which were to be of immense importance to the growth of an American tradition. The location and climate, the informal but fashionable summer life, and the increasing prosperity all played a part in bringing architectural giants like A. J. Davis, R. M. Upjohn, Richard

Walter L. Creese is associate professor of art history at the University of Louisville and the editor of the Journal of the Society of Architectural Historians.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hunt, H. H. Richardson, Charles McKim, and Stanford White to the scene and encouraging them to express their freest conceptions. First came the articulation of the wooden frame, then a horizontal expansion of interior space. The large living hall, fireplace, and stairway constituted the focal center for these cottages which moved out toward nature by means of large windows, bays, and piazzas, using an innate appreciation of wooden structure and materials in light to harmonize the house inside and blend it with a picturesque setting outside. This progression did not last long enough. By 1885 those falling angels, McKim, Mead and White, who had done such noble things in the spirit of their master, the great H. H. Richardson, began to drop the Queen Anne shingle style for a more constricting and academic eighteenth-century colonialism, some of the models for which they found in old Newport. With this the leadership toward an indigenous style passed from Newport to Chicago and Frank Lloyd Wright and to California and Bernard Maybeck and the Greene brothers. The major point is, however, that an historical trend which is coming to look more and more like a national tradition, even into these days, and less and less like a series of personal idiosyncracies, has been further identified and interpreted. Mr. Scully has performed a service here and with a great deal of literary facility, although one wishes he had not sprinkled the latest, smartest adjectives, like "plastic, classicistic, surrealistic, manneristic," as liberally lest his text eventually appear "oppressively quaint, cottagey, and coy," as he says of R. M. Hunt's early architectural effort to be up to the minute.

On the whole, this is an outstanding book, not the least satisfactory feature of which is the 230 beautifully printed collotype plates, many of them by distinguished photographers. For a rainy day in a chair at home it is a marvelous volume in which to wander up and down, but for a warm day in Newport I am afraid it is not going to be so satisfactory to walk with. It is portmanteau rather than pocket size and costs a great deal. It may be unfair to cavil at this now since what has been accomplished has been largely due to native effort and the natives may believe it perfectly appropriate to the fabulous character of the place. Nonetheless, if the intelligent campaign on the part of the Preservation Society to get vacationists to come to Newport is sustained, there may soon be a legitimate demand for some kind of cheaper, paper-bound version of this truly monumental volume.



—*From "Who Lived Here?"*

Emily Dickinson House—"(never) isolated from its setting."

The American Angle

WHITE COLUMNS IN GEORGIA. By Medora Field Perkerson. New York: Rinehart & Co. 367 *pp.* $7.95.

WHO LIVED HERE? By M. A. DeWolfe Howe and Samuel Chamberlain. Boston. Little, Brown & Co. 139 *pp.* $5.

By Wayne Andrews

As we all know there are scholars who wince at the slightest reference to the circumstances under which a building was erected; for these earnest souls, pediments are pediments, and taste too sacred a subject to be desecrated by an allusion to anything as mean as economics or as mundane as the hopes and fears of a certain client. But there are critics, and John Ruskin was one of them, who insist that architecture is too vital a subject to be isolated from its setting; these are the writers who reach the public, and M. A. De Wolfe Howe and Medora Field Perkerson, no matter how startling the difference in their points of view, may be said to belong to this evangelical fraternity.

You might suppose that any book entitled "Who Lived Here?" would be a slight thing, but nothing could be more misleading than to apply that ready adjective to the latest volume by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Mr. Howe may appear to be casual when discussing the "baker's dozen" of New England houses photographed by Samuel Chamberlain, but it would never do to mistake the charm with which he masks his erudition for

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

superficiality. No reader of Mr. Howe's "John Jay Chapman" needs to be told that he is one of our wiser literary historians; no admirer of "Chapman" will be disappointed in these informal sketches. Whether writing of Christopher Gore of Gore Place, or of the Adamses, the author manages to be entertaining without being trivial. Of Mr. Chamberlain's photographs nothing needs to be said.

Mrs. Perkerson, who doesn't need any lessons in turning out feature stories for the Atlanta Sunday papers, hasn't written the kind of book that is likely to appeal to Mr. Howe's faithful readers, but she will doubtless succeed in reaching an audience of her own, and in the meantime she won't be the one to worry. "Most of the nicest things that have happened to me have come about through the kindness of friends," she tells us. "That is how I got a job on the *Atlanta Journal Magazine* and how I got my husband, and how my first, second, and now my third book came to be published."

To judge from the first paragraph of her book, Mrs. Perkerson's friends don't mind hearing an old story. "The gentleman from the North bowed low," she begins, "and stood aside on the graceful stairway to allow a lovely lady in hoopskirts to pass. She inclined her head and gave him a faint smile as she swept by. He was much taken with her Southern charm."

If you don't object to this sort of thing, and don't raise your eyebrows when you come to read that "the all-time tops in Southern charm was an Augusta belle," you may have a good time trailing Mrs. Perkerson through the Greek Revival homes of Georgia. On the way you will meet Theodore Roosevelt's mother, learn "how the world's richest girl got her start," catch a glimpse of "Eatonton's snooty ghost," and watch brother murder brother at "Ghost Castle."

Indiana Humorist

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF KIN HUBBARD, CREATOR OF ABE MARTIN. By Fred C. Kelly. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 179 *pp.* $3.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

THIS informal but highly effective combination of biography and one-man anthology had to have a title out of all proportion to the dimensions of the book to make its matter plain. Few people, even in his lifetime, knew who Kin Hubbard was, but everybody knew who Abe Martin was. Abe Martin was a Hoosier character (Brown County, to be precise, where the hills are) who said:

> Some girls er born with big feet an' others wear white shoes.
>
> Nothin' upsets a woman like somebuddy gittin' married she didn't even know had a beau.
>
> Nothin' makes a poet as mad as a late spring.
>
> It's no disgrace t' be poor, but it might as well be.
>
> Mr. Lemmie Peters got B-plus in salad makin' at th' state pharmacy board examination recently.
>
> Very often th' quiet feller has said all he knows.
>
> If at first you do succeed don't take any more chances.
>
> When a woman says, "I don't wish t' mention any names," it hain't necessary.
>
> If capital an' labor ever do git t'gether it's good night fer th' rest of us.

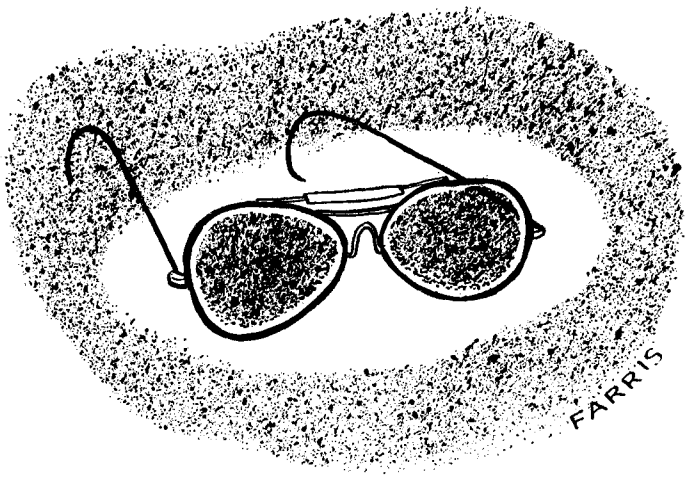
Abe Martin was born in the *Indianapolis News* in 1904, and he never left home, but he was syndicated far and wide, and his pungent, cynical, compact, dry, and accurate observations became a mirror of homo Americanus (and, equally, of mulier Americana). Like all philosophers, whether cracker-barrel or toga model, Abe Martin took truth for his target, and his percentage of bull's-eyes was superbly high.

His creator was a modest, home-bred, home-loving, easy-to-get-along-with native of Bellefontaine, Ohio (pronounced Bell Fountain), whose newspaperman father never conceded the election of Rutherford B. Hayes. Born in 1868, Frank McKinney Hubbard showed an early yen for the stage that seems to be the rule rather than the exception among youths who grow up to be cartoonists. He batted from newspaper to newspaper and in 1901 went to the *Indianapolis News,* where he remained until his death in 1930.

Mr. Kelly's biography (a pretty plug-hat word for a shirt-sleevesy job like this) is pleasant reading. The facts are there in small compass but abundant detail—the inventory of the furnishings of the sitting-room in the old Hubbard homestead at Bellefontaine would have delighted Belasco. Reporter rather than critic, Mr. Kelly attempts no definitive appraisal of Abe Martin's place in American humor. He does point out a few road-markers, though. New England had Holmes and Lowell and Saxe and Artemus Ward and Bill Nye and Josh Billings and—yes—Calvin Coolidge. Kin Hubbard did not "derive" from these—he did not have to—but he owns spiritual kinship with them. He was *sui generis* on a Brown County base. Some of him dates, as does some of Aristophanes, but some of him is headed for permanence. Call the nice job Mr. Kelly has done an appreciation with supporting factual data and samples from the middle of the barrel—just as sound as the good-ole stuff on top.

—From "The Life and Times of Kin Hubbard, Creator of Abe Martin."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Backwoods Beano

ALIAS SIMON SUGGS: The Life and Times of Johnson Jones Hooper. By W. Stanley Hoole. University: University of Alabama Press. 283 *pp.* $5.

By Carl Carmer

THE development of the distinctively American "original" in the first half of the nineteenth century was eagerly observed by those of his fellow citizens who, through background and education, could recognize a character so grotesquely amusing as to deserve literary recording. Few of these observers were professional writers, but among the doctors, lawyers, and newspaper editors in our growing towns were sophisticates who could turn a phrase with effect and who did so for the entertainment of themselves and other American readers.

Too little attention has been paid to these pre-Civil War amateurs of letters by historians of our culture, many of whom have failed to realize that some of our most respected later literature was attributable to the articulate tyros who had the taste to choose rewarding subjects and paint word-pictures of them which are surprisingly less primitive than might be expected.

Now W. Stanley Hoole has written and the University of Alabama Press has published an excellent biography of Johnson Jones Hooper, whose picaresque tales of Captain Simon Suggs of the Tallapoosa (Alabama) Volunteers were once greeted by the nation with hearty delight. Suggs, described by editor Henry Watterson in 1882 as a "sharp and vulgar, sunny, and venal swashbuckler," ranks high in the company of popular comic characters which includes Sam Slick, Sut Lovingood, Thomas Singularity, and other dubious heroes celebrated by early and not exactly professional humorists. From such as these came an approach and treatment which were not ignored by Bret Harte and Mark Twain and which find parallels today in the works of William Faulkner and other admired contemporaries.

While it might be suggested that Mr. Hooper's political career is not of as great interest to the general reading public as his writing activity, and while it is a pity that Mr. Hoole is inclined to assume that his subject's humor is unerringly and unquestionably funny without analyzing its quality, "Alias Simon Suggs" is an extremely valuable volume in a field that has had much too little recognition.

Particularly to be commended are Mr. Hoole's concluding remarks in his "Epilogue." Here he makes an original and valuable contribution to our understanding of our literary past with an essay which well carries out the line of thought suggested by the late Constance Rourke in her masterful study "The Roots of American Culture." Readers of "Alias Simon Suggs" will wish to place it on the shelf beside that volume.

Unhappily the words of the "blurb" printed on the jacket are as ridiculously fulsome and untrue as those to be found folded around a cheap historical novel. They might mislead the readers who would be eager for this book into passing it by because they could not believe such absurdities.

Carl Carmer, co-editor of the Rivers of America Series, has written several books including "Stars Fell on Alabama," "Listen for the Lonesome Drum," and "Genesee Fever."

It Was Easy

JOE MEEK. By Stanley Vestal. Caldwell, Ida.: Caxton Printers. 336 *pp.* $5.

By Richard L. Neuberger

JOE MEEK, black-bearded and broad of shoulder, cut a wide swath as he moved through the salons of Washington, D. C. Wasn't he the spokesman for legendary Oregon, then seeking territorial status? And didn't he sleep in a big bedroom at the White House as the guest of President James K. Polk?

One statuesque belle, wanting Meek for her own, sought to learn if he belonged to another.

"Are you married?"

"Yes, indeed," said Meek. "I have a wife and several children.

"Oh dear," exclaimed the lady, "I should think your wife would be so afraid of the Indians, out there in Oregon."

"Afraid of the Indians!" exclaimed Meek. "Why, madam, she is an Indian herself!"

This was Joe Meek all over. He was as rough and tough as any mountain man who ever fought the savages of the West. Yet he had qualities of leadership which made him the confidant of men like Polk and Thomas Hart Benton in the era when the United States and Great Britain were jockeying over possession of the strategic Oregon Country.

In the crucial debates at Chamboeg, on the banks of the Willamette River, Meek was the leader of the frontiersmen who favored joining up with the U. S. A. "All in favor follow me!" he shouted at the peak of his lusty lungs, and the United States won, fifty-two to fifty, over the Hudson's Bay Company group which thought that the Union Jack offered a safer refuge.

Stanley Vestal, skilled in chronicling the era when many Americans wore buckskin and went in danger of having their scalps lifted, has written an exciting and fast-moving story of the mountain man who was also a consummate politician in the period when America's claim to the Pacific seaboard hung in a delicate balance.

Meek was something of a rogue, as what mountain man wasn't? Pretending to be learned in the Scriptures, he persuaded Chief Kowesote of the Nez Perce that the Bible indorsed polygamy. Meek then was forgiven a previous wife and received one of the

(*Continued on page* 33)

Richard L. Neuberger, an Oregon state senator, formerly was on the Portland Oregonian.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN
Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD Feature Editor, ROLAND GELATT
Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.
Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, MARY GOULD DAVIS, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
Contents Copyrighted, 1952, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Escape Into Space

IF MODERN literature has any one basic conception, it is man's universal discontent with his life. It is a world-wide malaise that includes the natives of countries struggling against poverty, hunger, and disease, and the peoples of prosperous nations who should be enjoying the fruits of science and invention that have provided a longer life, release from back-breaking labor, and some assurance of a serene old age. It is impossible to blame this unrest on the loss of old traditions and habits of life, for every generation of man has in some small or great way moved forward or backward in a continual process of change and ferment. Nor is the loss of religious faith and the uncertainty of an afterlife sufficient to explain the moral disintegration of the twentieth century. These are primary causes, but they may not be more significant than man's failure to outlaw war, to put an end to revolutions, and to establish a world government.

One of the major culprits may be the technological revolution of the last fifty years. It has fulfilled its promises and exceeded the wildest dreams of the imagination. The secrets hidden in nature have been revealed and used in a thousand ways to form a new pattern of life in the Western world. But the organized forces, the vast accumulations of capital that brought them into being as the servants of man, were principally created by two world wars and the threat of a third conflagration that might destroy all of us. Most of our major discoveries, from radar to splitting the atom, were brought to perfection and mass production by war. It was possible to believe that if this was progress then the devil had a hand in it.

It is impossible now to relax, to say that we have had enough of robot machines, to be content with the motor car, the airplane, the automatic furnace, the clothes washer, motion pictures, television, and atomic power. We must advance in an ever-increasing spiral reaching no one knows where. If man has grown weary of the world, it is because he has either had enough technological progress or too little of it. We have become so accustomed to major and minor mechanical miracles that we accept them casually with all the ease, the economic burdens, and the dangers they may bring. But there is an angel as well as a devil in man and together they have conceived of an idea that has lived in fantasy for centuries. Why not fly from the world? It is, in a sense, man's first and last question and dream: to escape from the anxieties and the woes of life on earth in the form of a disembodied soul, or to leave a fearful and tiresome planet in what is now known to millions of readers of science fiction as a space ship.

Even before the German inventors created the first navigable rocket at Peenemund the writers of this somewhat crude form of entertainment had developed the rocket ships which cruised to the moon and the solar planets and then burst into outermost space and explored the galaxies of the Milky Way. Driven by atomic power these apparently mad devices were as well known to the devotees of science fiction as the liners that cross our oceans. Nevertheless, it remained unadulterated fantasy until scientists contemplated the experiments with rockets that have proceeded since the last war. Man has always sought new frontiers and horizons; and when it became conceivable that a space ship could be built that would circle the earth beyond the force of gravitation, then the dream became a reality. And how real it is is evidenced by a recent book, "The Exploration of Space," written by Arthur C. Clarke, an astrophysicist who is chairman of the British Interplanetary Society. He has based the new science of astronautics on known facts and reasonable probabilities. In any other day than this he would be considered as mad as a march hare. His basic premise, well known to science fiction, is that it is possible to build a rocket that will pass through the gravitational force of the earth. "A rocket in a free orbit around the earth," he writes, "is in an ideal situation for the beginning of an interplanetary voyage. In the first place, it has an initial speed of 18,000 miles an hour, and therefore, as far as its fuel requirements are concerned, is more than half way to the planets. Secondly, it is in a vacuum, so that its motors can operate at maximum efficiency. And thirdly, it is in a condition of weightlessness." It appears that after that the job of the pilot is to coast around the celestial spheres drawn by the attraction of multitudinous suns and planets, after the ship has been refueled by a space tanker hovering between the moon and the earth.

CHAIRMAN Clarke's preface to his book displays the kind of free-wheeling logic that is familiar to this particular age. It is based on the theory that nothing is impossible if man desires to create it, except to bring peace to earth. He says, "I would ask those who find it hard to take seriously the idea of colonies on the moon and the planets to consider this question: What would their great-grandfathers have thought if, by some miracle, they could have visited London Airport or Idlewild on a busy day and watched the Constellations and Stratocruisers coming in from all corners of the earth?"

In 1952 we accept the prospect of colonies of human beings on the Moon or Mars. We have been lamenting that there are no terrestrial frontiers left except those created by our enemies. Here at last is our escape; if we or our children cannot find peace or happiness on earth, we may find it on some satellite of a remote star, providing that the space ships of a hostile power do not get there first.

—H. S.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Psychiatrist Missing

▶ THE FIVE ARTICLES on Whittaker Chambers's "Witness" [*SR* May 24] were undoubtedly read with interest by a large number, if not all, of your readers. The authors were well chosen and wrote ably, each from his own vantage point, but what was notably lacking, I felt, was a discussion by a psychiatrist—a lamentable omission it appears to me. There must be many criteria, tried and well proven, by which Mr. Chambers's behavior and career can be judged. And, in the cold light of scientific knowledge and experience, the political aspects of the case and the emotional responses of the readers could be at least momentarily disregarded and an understanding of the basic pattern of this man's life emerge.

MILDRED TAYLOR.

New York, N. Y.

Burrs of Feeling

▶ A MAN OF INTELLECT would very possibly find the emotional tone of the Chambers book an obstacle to objective reading. Like the sandburrs that are beginning to sprout out all over Florida right now, Chambers's constant awareness of his feelings keeps scratching at your ankles. But I do not see how a man who experienced what Chambers did could avoid sprouting a rich crop of such feelings: the feeling that he erred in becoming a Communist in the first place, and the feeling that he was forced by conviction to betray former friends.

You cannot feel as you read the book that Chambers has yet found peace with himself. The whole book could be looked upon as a gigantic effort at self-justification. But however you look upon the book, or upon Chambers, it can hardly be denied that all of us can learn something by reading it—if only how damned lucky some of us were not to cross to that red side of the ledger when we were living through those same days of Chambers's youth.

LAURA RETTING WHITE.

Lakeland, Florida.

Two Quarrels

▶ TO ME, "WITNESS," by Whittaker Chambers, was a profoundly exhilarating and spiritual experience, inexpressibly moving. It has been a long time since I have read a book that was so poignant, so stirring, and yet so horrifying as this. I think it should be emphasized over and over that the recruits for Communism do not come from the "so-called common people" but from those "intellectual" leaders who have lost faith in God, and, though they protest it, have also lost faith in man. I have heard many men and women declare contemptuously that "the masses" (whatever they are!) are the root and evil flower of Communism, and Mr. Chambers shows this to be a lie.

Nevertheless, I have two quarrels with Mr. Chambers. First, he repeats over and over that during the Twenties and Thirties men had but two choices: to be revolutionaries or to strive solely for material success. Apparently Mr. Chambers has forgotten, or did not know of, the tens of millions of young men and women of those decades who were not "revolutionaries" in any sense of the word and whose supreme efforts were not "directed towards success" at all but were desperately directed in the direction of merely working and feeding families. I know, for I was one of this majority myself. We worked, at small salaries or wages, trusting in God in spite of the jazz age and the booming stock market, hardly even aware that there was a Communist party in America or Wall Street speculators. We were too busy for either, and had no money for either. They were phenomena far from our daily experience. Even when we were overwhelmed by the Depression we did not resort to Communism, or even Socialism. We worked at smaller wages and salaries, and kept our faith in God intact.

Second, Mr. Chambers implies that there are only two choices today for mankind: attaching oneself to an orthodox religion, or atheism and Communism. While I am deeply religious myself, and try to govern my life by the precepts of an "orthodox" religion, I do not agree with Mr. Chambers. His attitude can only lead to bigotry, if it becomes the measuring rule by which men are judged to be either "loyal" or "disloyal." It can even become desperately dangerous in these days of emotionalism. In my experience, I have discovered that the "atheists" are not atheists at all, for no man is truly in his heart an atheist, and even if he professes to be so it does not follow that he is a Communist. As a member (spiritual) of a minority religion, I can foresee that the next step, if Mr. Chambers's thesis is followed, will be persecutions of minority religions if they do not accept the precepts of the prevailing Protestant religion in America. Catholics and Jews, not conforming to Protestant mores, may become the victims of fanaticism. It happened in Germany. And, note to Mr. Chambers: some of the most religious people I have ever known, and the best, have not belonged to any orthodox religion at all.

TAYLOR CALDWELL.

Eggertsville, N. Y.

"It's only four months before the election, dear. Don't you think you ought to have your blood pressure checked?"

Flagellant

▶ IT IS EVIDENT that Chambers's current religious mysticism and his erstwhile political mysticism spring from the same psychological roots. The man could not survive without a blind faith in some supreme cause. His must be a world of absolutes, a world of blacks and whites, with no middle tones. His faith must answer all questions, provide all reasons, and justify all means. It is not enough for him to lose himself in such a faith; he must become a flagellant and publicly scourge himself to convince the world (and himself) of the holiness of his cause. Extravagant self-sacrifice is characteristic of true believers; it lends emphasis both to the omnipotence of their cause and to the worthlessness of the personal identity they seek to lose.

It is important that we understand the mentality of the true believers; they are the ones that threaten civilization as we know it. "Witness" is a valuable case

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

study of a true believer. It is equally important that we understand the fundamental irrationalities of the true believers so that we are not misled by them. Again "Witness" is of value. If, however, we view Chambers as a man who was irrational and has suddenly regained his sanity, we should question our own.

RICHARD A. NORMAN.

Owensboro, Ky.

National Traits

▶ I WOULD LIKE to make some remarks in connection with the guest editorial by Merrill Denison entitled "Four Thousand Miles of Irritation" [*SR* June 7]. Mr. Denison, in this indictment of Americans for failing to display a keener interest in their neighbour of the north, is inclined to overlook the fact that this neglect—however lamentable—may be, to some extent, the result of certain traits of the Canadians themselves.

The Canadians, although they have many admirable qualities, are not a particularly articulate people. They have little idea of effective ways of presenting the remarkable story of their national progress during the past twenty years to the outside world. They are inclined to depreciate their own national achievements—especially in the cultural line—in a manner which is particularly un-American. It has almost become a truism that a Canadian writer has to achieve prominence abroad in Great Britain, France or the United States before he is at all recognized in his own native land. But it must be said, in this connection, that the French-Canadians are much quicker and more prompt in spotting and publicizing their own local talent than are their English speaking brethren.

In the field of politics, Canadian public men have a very un-American reserve and cautiousness, and a fear of committing themselves publicly on controversial issues. This is very apparent in connection with such national problems in Canada as the relations between the English and the French speaking groups. Most of the public utterances on such subjects by politicians of both races are usually polite and superficial generalities.

W. E. GREENING.

Montreal, Canada.

Whodunit

▶ BEN RAY REDMAN is a knight in armour! His "Decline & Fall of the Whodunit" [*SR* May 31] is scholarly, madly entertaining, and a triumphant foray against an evil long felt and feared by thousands of us whodunit readers.

One must sadly agree with Mr. Redman that the proof of the pornographic pudding is in the hideously large sales they have, *but* if Mickey Spillane continues his present tack of each book being worse than the last, happily he will cut his own throat.

Infinite thanks to SR and Knight Redman for the courage to attack and at least wound the beast within the gates.

CLARK BLYTH.

Madero, Mexico.

Broadway Postscript

CLOUTS FOR THE CIRCUIT

"PEP up, pep up" is the repeated admonition of a worried summer camp operator who wishes to convince his guests that they are "having a wonderful time," when, if they are ever allowed to stop and think about it, they are not. "Pep up" also seems to be the Josh Logan formula in "Wish You Were Here" and abetted by Jo Mielziner's fast-moving scenic effects he nearly succeeds in sending

the audience home with the impression it has just seen a hit musical comedy.

To those of us who prefer to make up our own minds as to when to feel peppy, the proceedings at the Imperial are nevertheless more noise than fun, and more shoddy cliche than enchantment rising through the dross as it was in the original Arthur Kober play. Minus its heart, the best "Wish You Were Here" can do is to feast us with a real $28,000 swimming pool, some fresh faces in swimming suits and every now and then a pun on the order of "Auld Lang Zion."

There are a few funny moments when the authors put their comic imaginations to work and start to satirize the foibles of this frenzied segment of the summer vacationing public. "We all relax and tell our right names," says one young man describing the spiritual zenith of experiences at the Catskill pleasure dome.

The untried cast tends to look better than it acts and while there are sparks of talent there is too much greenwood to ever get a real fire going. Sheila Bond probably comes off best with her devastating parody of the over-energetic dancing of girl squeezing every bit of value out of her two weeks vacation. Unfortunately, there was not enough dancing by her or anybody else.

Harold Rome's score is pleasant with "Anything Can Happen" an obvious candidate for the hit parade. However, his songs seldom develop beyond the thought expressed in the first line. Neither does the show, and that excellent actor Harry Clark, who is more telling with a few lines than any with many, wraps the show up more appropriately than anything I can say, when he takes a long look at the goings on at Camp Karefree and exclaims "For this, a nice girl leaves Pitkin Avenue?"

IF pep is not a panacea, then neither is size. Given the new 8,200-seat marine stadium at Jones Beach as his theatre, Mike Todd has not in his first attempt completely solved the problem of what to do with his concrete island which is separated from the audience by enough water to accommodate the Queen Mary.

What he has done is to take Johann Strauss's "A Night in Venice" and stage it in much the manner of a Radio City Music Hall production. Using every bit of his own theatrical know-how and a little bit of everybody else's, he has endowed this trivial operetta with the splendor of a court masque. Raoul Pene du Bois's scenery is the real star of the evening and, despite the unnatural sound of microphones and the aroma of hot dogs, it is occasionally possible to whisk oneself back from the democratic atmosphere of present-day Jones Beach to a more aristocratic era.

If the settings stand the test of distance, the performers do not. Watching them is like reading the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin, and it often takes a bit of doing to locate the character speaking or singing out in that vastness.

A new and special kind of a theatre like this one should eventually lead to a new form of entertainment, and perhaps Mr. Todd and his associates will have us all in his debt some day. Meanwhile however, it appears that we are in for a summer of fireworks, gondolas, and slightly bewildered spectators.

—HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

DREISER, CARRIE & WILLIAM WYLER

WHEN Theodore Dreiser's first novel, "Sister Carrie," was published in 1900, the critics' reaction was so strongly indignant that the publishers stored the entire edition in their basement and wrote the whole thing off as a bad investment. Its stern contrasting of popular morality with popular practice shocked a generation that still believed with Horatio Alger in the ultimate reward of simple virtue and hard work. The power of this concept, persisting through an era of muckracking exposé and growing political awareness, finally began to lose its grip only in the general disenchantment of the Twenties. By that time "Sister Carrie," though robbed of some of its pertinence, had achieved the eminence of a classic work. Now it reads more like recreated history than the courageous indictment of a contemporary society, its greatness in part obscured by Dreiser's awkward moralizing and even more awkward writing, in part by our own acceptance of truths that at the turn of the century were firmly blinked away. But the passage of time has also helped reveal how clearly, how fully Dreiser understood the mechanisms of his society and their effect upon human beings.

Half a century has gone by, and the essential validity of the original work still stands unimpaired. Now Paramount, which last year filmed Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," brings "Carrie" to the screen in an adaptation which, if not wholly satisfactory, is certainly notable for its intelligence and its integrity. Inevitably, there has been some alteration of incident, some smoothing of story line. But Ruth and Augustus Goetz—who earlier wrote both the stage and screenplay versions of Henry James's "Washington Square"—have captured the spirit and the import of Dreiser's work, and have written for it dialogue that is often eloquent and always more expressive than Dreiser's own. They have pruned judiciously, added wisely. Their screenplay is a model of its kind.

The film, like the book, starts with Carrie's departure for Chicago from a small Midwestern town. On the train she meets Charlie Drouet, a self-assured drummer for a dry-goods house, who flatters her with his attentions. Later in Chicago, unable to find work, Carrie turns to Drouet for assistance—and soon is installed as his mistress. There are vague promises of marriage, but Drouet feels no compulsion to make them good until Carrie meets George Hurstwood, the manager of a distinguished Chicago restaurant. Hurstwood, plagued by an intolerable home life, becomes so enamoured with the girl that he steals $10,000 from his employers and carries her off to New York. The theft is discovered and Hurstwood forced to return the money, leaving the two in miserable poverty. When finally Hurstwood is utterly unable to find work, Carrie leaves him to start a career on the stage while Hurstwood sinks lower and lower.

Unlike most films, it is not the incident that is important here but rather the revelation of character that these incidents make possible. And in "Carrie" the characters are full-length and three dimensional. Neither Drouet nor Hurstwood has been turned into a conventional villain, working his wiles on an innocent young country girl. Carrie is neither glamorized nor sentimentalized. All are creatures of impulse, striving for happiness within their own understanding of the word—within their understanding of the word in a thoroughly materialistic society. We are struck by the humanity of these people, not their virtue. Only the character of Mrs. Hurstwood has been drastically altered and extended. Merely a disagreeable figure in the novel, single-minded in her determination to advance socially through her daughter, in the film she is drawn as vicious and grasping, quite willing to destroy Hurstwood rather than part with any of his money to help him.

If there is intelligence in the Goetzes' script, there is equal intelligence in William Wyler's direction of it. Aware of the significance Dreiser attached to the environment of his people, Wyler fills his shots with masterfully detailed realism—the grinding poverty of a Chicago tenement, the opulent display of an expensive restaurant, the crowding gewgaws of a middle-class flat, the bustle and din of a teeming East Side street. He has seen to it that his characters are not merely set against these backgrounds, but are actually in them, part of them. We *discover* Carrie at work in a sweatshop; the camera does not pick her out for us. The first meeting of Carrie and Hurstwood is played in a long traveling shot, the camera moving the length of an elegant restaurant; it seems only incidental that Carrie and Hurstwood are included, walking parallel to each other on opposite sides of the paneled partition that separates bar from dining room. When the action demands it, however, when personal emotions crowd out all thought of time and place, Wyler thrusts his camera forward for huge, intensely dramatic close-ups.

FEW directors can rival Wyler's sense of how to shoot a scene and when to cut it. With acute psychological perception, he knows where the audience wants to look, when a shot has made its point and another must be substituted. You never wonder where you are in a Wyler picture; there is a fundamentally filmic intelligence about everything he does. Unfortunately for "Carrie," however, intelligence is not quite enough. Pas-

Laurence Olivier and Jennifer Jones—"humanity . . . not virtue."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation — Rockefeller Center

Merrier than the play . . . with the same wonderful stars!

RAY BOLGER
in
"WHERE'S CHARLEY?"
with
ALLYN McLERIE
ROBERT SHACKLETON
Color by
TECHNICOLOR
A Warner Bros. Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE
Spectacular revue "HOLIDAY"

FOR YOUR DRAMA BOOKSHELF

THE PLAYS OF
J.B. Priestley
VOLUME III

- Cornelius
- People at Sea
- They Came to a City
- Desert Highway
- An Inspector Calls
- Home Is Tomorrow
- Summer Day's Dream

This new volume, the third in an important series, includes seven plays by one of Britain's most distinguished and popular dramatists. The author's introduction offers acute and witty comments as well as sidelights on the theatrical history of each production. 476 pages.

At all bookstores • $5.00

• HARPER •

sion, the same passion that drove Dreiser to write his novel, is also wanted—and not forthcoming in the film. Wyler obviously understands his characters, understands too the importance of the book from which they come. But his is an intellectual appreciation lacking in intensity, in fire, in pity. Few scenes are genuinely moving. We rarely become emotionally involved in these people's lives. There is a steady accumulation of details, but little cumulative dramatic effect.

Some of this criticism must be shared by the two principals. Jennifer Jones, though physically ideal for Carrie, offers an overly romantic conception of the girl that softens the edges of Carrie's fundamental pragmatism. This in turn somewhat lessens the full significance of Hurstwood's character, for he is the real romantic of the piece. Laurence Olivier contributes a splendid performance, but one that fails to stand away sufficiently from Miss Jones's. The rest of the cast, however, is flawless. Eddie Albert is superb as the blithe Drouet, Miriam Hopkins almost too convincing as Hurstwood's venomous wife, while Basil Ruysdael as Hurstwood's employer seems to sum up all the conventional morality that Dreiser inveighed against the better part of his life. "Carrie" is an intelligent film, even a distinguished one—but it is also cold and sadly lacking in the passionate conviction that might have made it a great one.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

Carrie: Reviewed in this issue.

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Ivory Hunter: Kenya Colony, Africa, provides the background for a superior British-made film about animals. (*SR* June 7.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a highly scenic apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Miss Julie: Based on Strindberg, this importation from Sweden is gloomy in tone, sensitive in execution. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

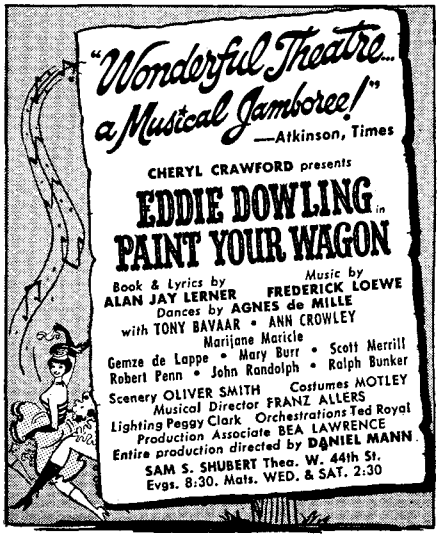
Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

CELESTE HOLM
In The Musical Play
The King and I
with YUL BRYNNER
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44 St.
Evenings at 8:25: $7.20 to 1.80. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday at 2:25: $4.20 to 1.80.

Pulitzer Prize & Critics' Award Musical Play
MARTHA WRIGHT
GEORGE BRITTON
IN
South Pacific
with MYRON McCORMICK · WILLIAM TABBERT · MARTIN WOLFSON
and JUANITA HALL
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC THEA., W. 44 St.
Eves. at 8:30: $6.00 to 1.80. Wed. Mat. at 2:30: $3.60 to 1.20. Sat. Mat. $4.20 to 1.20.
MONDAY EVES. ONLY: CURTAIN AT 7 SHARP


"Wonderful Theatre... a Musical Jamboree!"
—Atkinson, Times
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
EDDIE DOWLING in
PAINT YOUR WAGON
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with TONY BAVAAR • ANN CROWLEY
Marijane Maricle
Gemze de Lappe • Mary Burr • Scott Merrill
Robert Penn • John Randolph • Ralph Bunker
Scenery OLIVER SMITH Costumes MOTLEY
Musical Director FRANZ ALLERS
Lighting Peggy Clark Orchestrations Ted Royal
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
Entire production directed by DANIEL MANN
SAM S. SHUBERT Thea. W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

If you are going to move it is necessary that the proper notification be made, at the earliest possible moment to SATURDAY REVIEW by letter, post card, or post office form No. 22S, giving the old address, as well as the new, with postal-zone number if any. You should also notify your local post office on postal form No. 22 of your change of address. Both postal forms are obtainable at any post office.

As considerable time is required to process a change of address, you are urged to advise the SATURDAY REVIEW Subscription Department as soon as you know your new address, preferably three weeks in advance.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
Subscription Dept.
25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV and Radio

BACK TO THE CAT'S WHISKER

THE man with his left wrist to his left ear, circa 1960, is not pondering watch repair: he is listening to a ball game broadcast. The gadget where his timepiece should be is the radio receiver, of course: moreover, there is not a Mini-max in the apparatus; body heat furnishes all the power. The lady in the same decade taking a package of cigarettes from her handbag is not polling her T-zone: she is canvassing the weather on her cigarette-package-size "personal" radio. (It is not really as personal as the wrist-watch receiver; this one runs on batteries rather than on milady's thermal heat.)

The shapes of these things to come are visionary only in the hard-fact sense of the word: RCA engineers predict them as "possible"; and they are predicters with considerable authority in communication technology. The invention which has opened the door to such revolutionary tolerances in electronic design is the transistor—a device just four years old, pioneered by the Bell Telephone Laboratories and now being developed by RCA, General Electric, Sylvania, and other major electronics companies. The transistor will "invade" the electronic tube field. It will permit smaller radio and TV sets and cheaper maintenance. Its application is not limited to standard broadcast transmission and reception; it has significant implications for the total scope of the omnipresent and advancing electronic art in war or peace.

This "hottest, fastest-moving thing in science" is still in the experimental stage. Its behavior is erratic, noisy, and sensitive to high temperatures. Its frequency response is limited and its power potential is of the order of only a few watts. Electronics engineers are cavalier, however, about its limitations. Daily they whittle them down. The transistor is very small in size (half a paper clip), rugged, long-lasting (70,000 to 1,000,000 hours is the present test-life prediction), and the power requirements are extremely low. Its heat output is negligible and it operates instantaneously without "warm-up."

The fascinating essence of the transistor is a fleck of a germanium crystal. Germanium is a by-product of zinc mining in the United States and—shades of Charles Dickens and his chimney-sweeps!—a residue of flue dust in Great Britain. It belongs to a family of solids known as semi-conductors—neither conductors nor insulators. Current moves through them: they detect, amplify, and oscillate signals.

Germanium has a number of interesting features. The crystals are

"grown" in fabrication; their transistor action depends on impurities which are first removed from the base material (germanium-dioxide powder) and then replaced in controlled amounts. Two wire contacts probe the germanium crystal in a transistor; they are fixed probes. If your experience goes back to radio's early crystal-set days, you will recall the floating, inconstant, tickling "cat's whisker" probing of galena (lead sulfide) crystals. Then came the vacuum tube, and the "cat's whisker" (memorable captor of "Alabama casts twenty-four votes for Underwood!") was lapped up in streams of electrons boiling out of a hot filament "Edison effect."

World War II brought radar, however, and it was found that the two-element vacuum detector tube used in standard radio wouldn't do for the seven-league leaping eye. So the scientists remembered the semi-conductors, and in July 1948 the transistor revolution shook the world of the vacuum tube, a device mighty in power but weak in endurance and in excessive generation of heat.

Thus, a communication cycle is completed—crystal to tube and back to crystal again via transistor.

ANOTHER cycle was completed recently with the announcement by the National Broadcasting Company's radio network that it will offer a Friday evening weekly series of poetry readings by David Ross, "accompanied in the background by Tony Mottola, guitarist, and Sally Sweetland, singer."

"Cat's whisker" veterans remember well the radio poetry reading, staple item of the early carbon microphone and monk's-cloth studio days—"Indian Love Lyrics," Shelley, Keats, Edgar Guest, and Eugene Field. An organ accompaniment, usually; a fiddle; perhaps a tenor chanting Toselli's "Serenade"; and continuity. All human conventions have their humble origins. The contemporary program writing or script department began as "Continuity"—in poetry programs, the heavy, purplish prose between recitations, evocative of midnight, melancholia, and "sustaining" languor.

As the De Forest audion replaced galena, so radio programs with high commercial power capacities replaced poetry listings like "Dreams," "Silver and Gold," "Moonbeams," and "Between the Bookends." Poetry on the air vanished in the mists of an Atwater Kent anachronism. Technological obsolescence, however, plays no favorites. Radio lived to see TV as someday TV will——?

Now the time of the co-op, the cut-rate, and the continuity has come upon audio. "The National Broadcasting Company announces a new program of poetry readings, etc. . . ." NBC is the broadcast signature of RCA. The cycle in crystals leading to the transistor has brought us to the threshold of a veritably inspiring new era in the miracle of modern communications.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 473

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 473 will be found in the next issue.

EG PBE ABE FH B

CBLDRGL GE BE HPCLK

MLGPBAN. O. A. FDBEE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 472

It's a simple formula: Do your best and somebody might like it.

—DOROTHY BAKER.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED for TRAVEL

SHALL WE DANCE?

WHEN the Dutch tried to colonize Surinam, once called Dutch Guiana, they found an impenetrable jungle, and sent for slaves from Africa to hack plantations out of the bush. The Africans found the country just like home, and had little difficulty escaping into the green forests where they survived handily, far from civilization. A few weeks ago the Bush Negroes, who retain all the refinements of Africans of 300 years ago, received a visitor from the outside world. She was Lisa Lekis, young, blonde, and rather beautiful, and carrying a "devil machine." There was some objection to the machine. "I was told the chief wanted to see me," she said. "I knew that he was the chief because he wore an old felt hat which was his distinguishing and only garment." The chief pumped her hand for what seemed like ten minutes after which the whole tribe got in line for a long shake, many rejoining the queue five or six times. Lisa Lekis knew she was in.

Later when the tribe began their dance, the white visitor turned on her devil machine and made a recording of the proceedings. No one objected. When she played it back the tribesmen were wild with delight, and promised her that a group would travel up to the white man's island of Puerto Rico for the big party.

Mrs. Lekis's big party is the first annual Caribbean Festival, which will be staged in San Juan for ten days beginning August 1. With her tape recorder and her winning ways, Lisa Lekis, a dance instructor and folklorist at the University of Puerto Rico, has been bouncing among the Caribbean islands this spring signing up dance troupes for the summer fiesta. Back in San Juan, free-swinging Mrs. Lekis has been giving demonstrations to the fair officials of just what they might expect.

After a look and a listen, the promoters of the Caribbean Festival, largely governmental tourist executives, were as wild with delight as the bush beaters of Surinam. Antigua is sending its Brute Force Steel Band, which whacks music out of instruments made from oil drums, garbage cans, junk iron, and old Ford fenders. The orchestra, which will represent the Leeward Islands, is led by a Scottish clergyman, a small middle-aged man characteristically dressed in a black suit, wearing a pince-nez held around his neck by a black ribbon. He formed the steel band to provide church music, which it still does on Sundays. In deference to its leader the Brute Force Steel Band also swings out, forcibly, with "Annie Laurie."

Accompanying the band from Antigua will be the island's Clown Dancers, who follow an old slave custom, dressing up in wire masks, and prancing around the musicians. The dancers have also come under British influence. Richard Wayne, the English administrator of Antigua, has taught them English and Scottish country dances, and to the music of the B.F.S.B. they break into formations required by such incongruous dances as the Petronella, Dashing White Sergeant, and the Eightsome Reel.

The largest, and perhaps the earthiest, delegation will come from Haiti —singers, dancers, voodoo spiritualists, and a collection of Haitian painting, handcraft, wood-carving, ceramics, and grass-work. From a wide assortment of performers, Mrs. Lekis nominated group dancers from a troupe known as Haiti Chant, and soloists from the National Folklore Troupe, a government-sponsored project. The beat will be provided by two of the country's best drummers, and Mrs. Lekis will avoid trumpets and trombones in favor of whistles, bamboos, and, of course, the drums.

SOME dances, like the Banda, will represent voodoo worship. A dancer enacting the part of the *houngan,* or voodoo priest, wears knee-length striped pants, black tailcoat, top hat, and cane. His legs and face are smeared with ashes to represent voodoo fire-walking.

For the wealth of material which Haiti is supplying, Mrs. Lekis can thank Katherin Dunham and Jean

—Hamilton Wright.

Haitian musicians—"garbage cans . . . and old Ford fenders."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

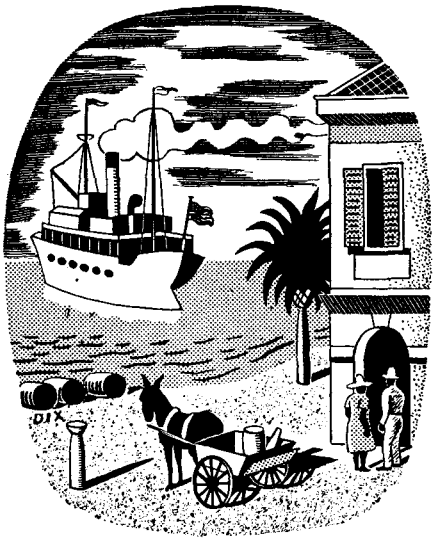
Destiné, who have been largely responsible for the popularization of Haitian dancing. Both the Haitian press and the Church have long been at odds with voodoo, since it represents pagan worship in a Christian country. The dances and the drumming are a manifestation of the worship of the gods brought from Africa, and at one time drumming was absolutely outlawed in Port au Prince. It flourished in the hills, however, and Destiné and Dunham urged the Haitian government to accept it as the folklore of the country. When Destiné's troupe, culled from the streets and the mountains of Haiti, were a resounding success with the tourists at the Exposition a few years ago, the government was convinced. For the San Juan carnival Haiti will be able to present four completely different shows featuring dancing, singing, and staging of voodoo rites.

Trinidad, the heart of the calypso country, is sending performers from two dance troupes, one led by Percy Borde and another by Geoffrey Holder, a lad of twenty-one, who also designs the costumes, plays piano, arranges music, paints, and takes photographs. The dances that Borde and Holder will stage are a mix of the African and the East Indian, since half of Trinidad's population is East Indian. Calypso singers and musicians will come to San Juan, too, and there will be an exhibition of local art to vie with the work from Haiti.

The dancers from Martinique and Guadeloupe are perhaps not as talented as the Trinidad group, but the ladies are the beauties of the Caribbean. Guadeloupe girls wear the family fortune in gold jewelry, sometimes even tie 10,000 franc notes in their hair. It indicates a person's place in society, in a way that the size of a debutante's debut counts up here. In addition to the family bankroll, the girls also wear long skirts. An elaborate system of petticoats maintains decency. On their heads the girls wear a Madras, and the way in which it is tied shows whether the wearer is married, single, a widow, or shopping.

The islands are the home of the beguine, but its rhythm is a good deal different from the beat manufactured by Cole Porter in "Begin the Beguine." The genuine local beguine is a goulash of French and Creole.

FOLKLORE in the Netherlands West Indian possessions of Curacao and Aruba was all but disappearing when Mrs. Lekis appeared on the scene with news of the Caribbean Festival. Old prints and old people were searched for legends and costumes. An original show has been written which includes the five official languages of Curacao, among them Spanish, Dutch, and Papiamento. An English-speaking tourist is woven through the works, however, and through him it is all translated.



The theme song of the show is Bula Waya, a way of saying "jump the fence," which boy does after boy loses girl and seeks her again. Some of the music will be played on a bastel, which is a tub half filled with water with a gourd placed therein. The bastel beater sits on the ground and beats the gourd, and it sounds like a drum being beaten under water, which in itself would be a wholly unfeasible proposition.

As for the costumes, they are perhaps best symbolized by the Simadon, a harvest dance in which the girls carry baskets of produce on their heads. The men, who are naturally not working, are dolled up in finely-tailored suits cut down from the very finest Pillsbury flour sacks.

Puerto Rico itself, besides providing a stage for the carnival, will present a dramatization in dance of the island's history from the days of the Indians, the arrival of the Spaniards, the introduction of slavery and its African overtones, and finally the events of the last century.

There will be a show every evening and every week-end afternoon in the theatre of the University of Puerto Rico. No two shows will be completely alike although some of the better numbers, particularly from Haiti and Trinidad, will be repeated. Street dancing to the lullaby rhythms of the steel band will follow each performance. There will be dance lessons every morning for anyone who feels inspired to get in the act. If there is a lull, which no one expects, dance troupes will be sent snaking through hotels. As some entertainer rather sagely intoned recently, anybody can begin a beguine, but show me the man who can end it.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Carry Bank of America TRAVELERS CHEQUES

★ Accepted around the world.

★ Insured by Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

★ Self-identifying.

★ Cost only 75¢ for each $100 in attractive wallet pack.

★ Sold by banks and travel agents.

Bank of America has more than 530 branches in California. Overseas branches: London, Guam, Kobe, Yokohama, Tokyo, Manila and Bangkok. Representatives in New York, Washington, Milan, Paris, Duesseldorf, Mexico City and Zurich.

Your money's safe, your mind's at ease—
Spend them anywhere you please!

Issued by the WORLD'S LARGEST BANK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm. Motion Picture

UNCLE SAM: FILM MAKER

BACK in 1938 the short-lived U.S. Film Service issued a first directory of Government films—379 in all, sponsored by and available through various Federal departments and agencies. About two hundred of these films had been produced by the Department of Agriculture, perhaps the oldest non-commercial movie-making agency in the country. The remaining films came from a dozen scattered departments. The hope then was that eventually the production and distribution of Government 16mm. films would be coordinated in some way through the new U.S. Film Service, but this hope was never realized. Despite the success of the Government's first two important documentary film releases, "The Plow That Broke the Plains" and "The River," the U. S. Film Service was soon discontinued, and all subsequent plans to create some unified structure to handle Government films or to act as an information center were little by little reduced to idle dreams.

This year's catalogue of Government films which are available to the general public in one way or another lists a total of 3,434 titles. The films may be borrowed, rented, or purchased in forty-two different ways, on actual count. None of this information compares favorably, for example, with the Canadian Government film operations (*SR*, June 7), where needs are smaller and services more efficiently coordinated and performed. In the U.S. each department and agency has the responsibility of making and distributing its own films for its own immediate uses. What a marvelous opportunity for endless multiplication of effort, cost, and actual production!

With the notable exception of Agriculture, few departments do actual production work; films are given out on contract. Most of the finished films are eventually offered for sale to the American public for educational use through the Government's contractual film supplier, United World Films, at slightly higher than print cost, and often some years after the films have been completed. It seems unlikely that any great improvements will be made along these lines in the near future.

In other ways things are looking up in Government film circles. The U. S. Office of Education's Visual Education Service, which for some time has been most conscious of its obligations to the American film-using public, has published an inclusive catalogue entitled "3,434 U.S. Government Films." Prepared by Seerley Reid and Virginia Wilkins, it gives an alphabetical listing and description of this great number of films, but unfortunately without a subject index. Agriculture, mechanics, and the various activities of the armed forces predominate, and many of the titles have easily recognizable use in public education. The catalogue costs 70¢ a copy, and is available from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. Also available from the same source is the "Directory of 2,002 16mm. Film Libraries," prepared by Seerley Reid and Anita Carpenter, and selling at 30¢. This is the most complete and useful listing of 16mm. libraries ever published — alphabetically arranged by state and city, and giving pertinent information about the types of films, size of collection, and restrictions in each case. Together these two publications are the best investment a 16mm. film user can make.

A third important new publication, further illustrating the beginnings of reorganized film activities in Washington, is the monumental volume "Motion Pictures 1912-1939," published by the Copyright Office of the Library of Congress. Its 1,256 pages list more than 50,000 movies registered in the Copyright Office during the period indicated in the title. Entries for each film include title, data, producing company, credits, length, gauge, and other descriptive and copyright data. Future volumes are planned to cover 1940-49, and each subsequent ten-year period. The project has particular value as reference material for film scholars and other research people. Orders for "Motion Pictures 1912-39" should be sent with enclosed checks or money orders for $18 to the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington 25, D. C.

A fourth undertaking of significance is the recent decision of the Library of Congress to issue 3″ x 5″ catalogue cards for all Government-sponsored and copyrighted films, theatrical as well as non-theatrical. With the cooperation and efforts of the U. S. Office of Education, cards are soon to be released on all Government films: the plan is to print cards on about 2,000 films each year. The cards will be sold in sets and at rates similar to those of the Library of Congress book cards. All permanent data are included on the film cards, without any critical or evaluative statements.

Much of the increase in Government film production is the obvious result of the vast educational and training programs based on wartime and post-war crises. The Army and Navy together have some nine hundred film titles on every phase of recruiting, health, battle, military skill, and rehabilitation that you can think of. Some of the films, like "Swab Your Choppers" reviewed below, make excellent additions to the nation's educational film libraries.

Recently concluded were the operations of the Army's Motion Picture Branch of the Office for Occupied Areas. During its five year existence (it started out as part of the Civil Affairs Division), it sponsored the production of about 100 films for use in the occupied areas of Germany, Austria, Korea, and Japan. The purpose of the entire project, for which films were only one of the materials used, was "to develop democratic ideas, the respect for individual human rights, and the development of individual political responsibility" in those areas. Actual production was undertaken and completed largely within the final years 1949-51, and was directed mainly to Japanese audiences. Titles include "New York Art Students League," "Working Through College," "International House," "Japanese Diet Members Visit a State Legislature," "Japanese Bride in America," "T.V.A. Town," "The Family," and "My Child is Blind."

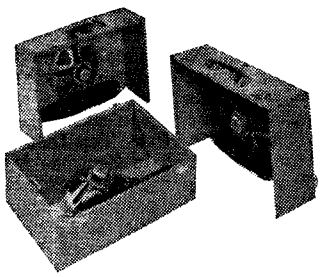
THE State Department, as part of its program to tell the American story to people of other nations, has also been a steady sponsor and user of 16mm. films. The job of producing acceptable and meaningful films for audiences in, say, Turkey, France, Egypt, and India, could not possibly be an easy one. Nor has it been facilitated by the ever fluctuating budgets appropriated by Congress from year to year—one time bare subsistence for maintaining a central office, another time great amounts of money to be spent on the immediate production of a quantity of films.

Following essentially the aims established by the wartime OWI, the State Department has sought to show a picture of the American people at home and at work, to explore institutions of significance wherever they exist, to recreate on film the real

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The world at their finger tips

It's easy with the Kodascope Pageant Sound Projector



For assembly-hall showings...
The new Kodak Multi-Speaker Unit gives you three extra speakers. Placing these at selected locations provides effective sound distribution in any hall or auditorium, regardless of acoustical conditions. When packed, the speakers form a light, compact case that contains space for a 2000-ft. reel. List price, $92.50.

To grasp world events is difficult enough even for grownups. For most students, it is impossible . . . unless you can put movies to work. They make events live, create immediate understanding. Result: students learn more, retain more for a longer period of time. A limited school-film library is no handicap, either, because thousands of films on a wide variety of subjects are available today from many sources.

It's so easy and economical to add movies to your teaching facilities that every school should have at least one 16mm. Kodascope Pageant Sound Projector. It lists at only $400 with speaker and gives you sharper, clearer pictures with more natural sound. Built to last, all moving parts are extra sturdy and lubricated for life.

Students soon learn to become projectionists. In fact, many schools depend on them entirely to set up and operate the Kodascope Pageant Sound Projector. This leaves the teacher free to concentrate on the message. Let a Kodak Audio-Visual dealer show you how easy the Pageant works . . . or write for new booklet.

Prices are subject to change without notice.

MOTION PICTURES

. . . teach, train, entertain

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY (Dept. 2), Rochester 4, N. Y. 76

Please send me: ☐ complete information on the new Kodak Multi-Speaker Unit; ☐ your booklet, "The Kodascope Pageant Sound Projector."

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____

STATE_____

Kodak

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American way of life and the meaning of democracy. The subjects have been as diversified as the following sampling of titles indicates: "Voice of a Choir" (Bethlehem, Pa.), "Hurricane Circuit" (Miami, Florida), "Museum of Science and Industry" (Chicago), "A Union Local" (Pennsylvania), "Peewee, High School Freshman" (Conway, New Hampshire), "Community Advisory Center" (Bridgeport, Conn.), "International Ice Patrol" (U. S. Coast Guard), "U.C.L.A." (California), "Land of Enchantment" (Southwest U. S.)—a hundred titles in all. Production is still going on.

In making films for use outside the U.S., the problems have never ceased being staggering. Some of the films have been real achievements, some are only acceptable, and some poor by any standards. If one important element was missing from many of the films it was naturalness. Can a victorious democratic (but not perfect) nation display itself with utter naturalness to an impoverished ally or to a conquered undemocratic nation? The job, if it can be done at all, is a hard one. It would be a safe bet to say the films we made and showed were every bit as sucessful as the rest of the ideas and materials which have made up our overseas "persuasion" projects. The fault is less a deficiency in film-making than in the perplexing state of the world and our rather uncomfortable place in it.

Following are reviews of some of the films mentioned in this catch-all on Government film operations. All are offered for purchase through the Government Division of United World Films, 1445 Park Ave., New York 29, N. Y. For rentals consult nearby 16mm. libraries.

—Cecile Starr.

The Best in 16mm Spanish-Dialogue Films

for interesting teaching of Spanish accent, Latin-American backgrounds, customs, music, dances, scenery.

Over 100 feature films, including famous classics:

DONA BARBARA (English titles)
LLUVIA ROJA (English titles)
FUENTEOVEJUNA

and films on Mexican peasant life:

RIO ESCONDIDO (English titles)
PUEBLERINA (English titles)

Obtain catalogue from

CLASA MOHME, INC.
501 Soledad Street
San Antonio 5, Texas

The Film Forum

GOVERNMENT RELEASES

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films

MY CHILD IS BLIND. *Produced by Unity Films for the U. S. Army. Distributed as above.* (20 *min.*)

This is one of the most extraordinary of all the Government films made for overseas use. A mother is faced with the fact that her newborn child will be blind for life. First she and her husband must overcome their own feelings of bitterness, guilt, and grief; their child will need special security and comfort that can be found only at home with loving parents. But as the child grows he needs to meet the outside world. To help him find his place he is sent to a nursery school for blind children and is soon absorbed into the activities and sensations that are part of every child's growth. With trucks and blocks, nails and mallets, the newcomer forgets himself and his problems.

Each child has a special tactile symbol (clothespin, bell, etc.) by which to recognize and claim his chair or his coat-hanger. The children listen to stories, play with dolls, use finger paints, model with clay, dance, and sing. They learn to walk alone and in groups. to feed themselves, to pour their own glasses of orange juice. In outdoor weather they climb and run, skate and bicycle in the joy of physical freedom. That is, most of them do. The film is honest enough to show, here and there, a child who just sits and cries.

Over their sleeping figures during afternoon nap the film has this to say about the blind children: "Once this would have been their only way of life: each alone, passive, exploring only himself—but here it is only an interlude in a busy day."

What is extraordinary about this film? First of all, its director, Victor Solow, had remarkably fine material to choose from, and he chose well. The film is not dramatic or pathetic—it is real. The commentary is neither too much nor too little; read by Burgess Meredith in a soft and understanding way, it is probably the best film narration he has ever done. But beyond these niceties of film-making, "My Child is Blind" has special value as a kind of allegory about being left out or being given a place; about the cooperation and love that develop when we are intelligent in planning for it; about all people and all nations, every living thing that is and must always be handicapped in some special way, dependent upon each other and its surroundings if best potentials are to be realized. It is an allegory worth remembering when we are looking around for subjects for films about democracy and people.

"My Child is Blind" is also available at service-charge cost from The Lighthouse, 111 East 59th St., New York 22.

SWAB YOUR CHOPPERS. *Produced by United Productions of America, for the U.S. Navy. Distributed as above.* (7 *min., color*)

How and why to clean teeth properly is the subject of this UPA cartoon which features a sailor named Humphrey and his two other selves, Lazy and Ignorant. Humphrey doesn't bother to brush his teeth—his lazy self tells him he's too sleepy, and his ignorant self tells him it doesn't make any difference anyway. After some crippling toothaches and a season of appointments with the dentist and the grinding machine, Humprey learns the importance of tooth care. From here on he is a regular encyclopedia telling and showing the other men how to use tooth brush and dental floss properly.

It is likely that anyone old enough (or young enough) to have teeth will find a film of this sort the best possible learning incentive. Not only is it educational and amusing, it also manages to make care of the teeth seem a pretty important business. What more could you ask of a film?

THE FAMILY. *Produced by Herbert Kerkow Productions for the U. S. Army. Distributed as above.* (20 *min.*)

In democratic family living the main point is that each member is dependent on the others for his own well-being. The family in this film is laudable for sharing work, worries, and wishes; but trouble comes when the teen-age daughter disregards the domestic budget and buys an expensive party dress with her "own" money. Father gets angry, everyone gets upset, but they all pull together in the end. "The Family" is a simple little film that can be recommended mainly because it seems somehow to be going in the right direction. Although the print I saw was disturbingly out of sync, the people, the lines, and situations were generally appealing.

TANGLEWOOD STORY. *Produced by M.P.O. for the U.S. State Dept. Distributed as above.* (21 *min.*)

Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra are shown along with the students and teachers at this famed summer music establishment, practising, rehearsing, and performing—but without any of the spirit and style that went into such a great film as the OWI's tremendous "Hymn of the Nations" which featured Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra.

ADULT EDUCATION. *Produced for the U. S. Army, and distributed as above.* (22 *min.*)

This investigation of the purposes and achievements of a program of evening classes for adults at a Long Island school comes off reasonably well, all things considered. It tells flash-back stories of the progress made by several students in classes on art, public speaking, and mathematics, and gives an important, but limited, interpretation of the values of lifelong education.

—Cecile Starr.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICANA

(*Continued from page 21*)

chief's own lithe daughters to warm his bed. Meek named the willowy Indian maiden "Virginia" for his native state, and she bore him many children.

Joe Meek experienced all possible hardships of life on the frontier. He lay trembling in a thicket and watched Indians chop to pieces his trapping partner whose gun had misfired. He wandered in the upland desert with an expedition which drank its own urine to keep from dying of thirst and sucked blood from the ears of its pack mules to stave off starvation. He also killed a Digger Indian who "might" have stolen his traps. It was an age in which a man shot first and thought up the justification afterwards.

When Meek finally became the emissary to gain territorial recognition for Oregon, he arrived in St. Louis with no money. This was logical, for there was not a silver coin or piece of currency in all of Oregon. Folks lived by barter. Meek boarded the steam cars and sat stony-faced when the conductor asked for his ticket. Around himself he had wrapped a greasy, smutted blanket. The poor trainman at last gave up. A few weeks later, the central figure in this episode was the personal guest of the eleventh President of the United States.

By polling ninety votes, Meek sat in Oregon's pioneer legislature. Once he kept some of his hungry constituents satisfied, at least temporarily, by convincing them that a big pumpkin in a sack was really a haunch of juicy venison. Perhaps the political game wasn't so different in 1850 as some of us imagine it to have been!

It is too bad this excellent book by a master of frontier literature does not contain a map, so that the reader can follow Joe Meek's doughty wanderings, from the District of Columbia to the mouth of the Columbia River.

They Make It Strong

SMOKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY. By North Callahan. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 257 pp. $4.

By JAMES W. LIVINGOOD

DOWN on the Tennessee border where the state line divides the Volunteer State from North Carolina the Appalachian mountain system raises its jagged skyline to heights

Immediate Best Seller!

"Her warm and stirring confession, so wondrously alive, probes far deeper than *The Wall* into the core of human relations . . . Most wondrous of all is her love affair, communicating in virtually perfect form the drama of adolescence . . . She will be widely loved, this child-becoming-woman . . ."—*N. Y. Times*

The September selection of The Book Find Club

ANNE FRANK

THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

An extraordinary personal story of adolescence, written while in hiding from the Gestapo . . . With an introduction by *Eleanor Roosevelt,* and endsheet illustrations. *At all booksellers* $3

3 BIG PRINTINGS in the first 3 weeks after publication!

DOUBLEDAY
Publishers of the Thorndike-Barnhart Desk Dictionary

THE WORLD'S STANDARD FOREIGN LANGUAGE DICTIONARIES

Cassell's

Two Complete Vocabularies in Each Volume

● **FRENCH-ENGLISH** and English-French
New edition, completely re-edited, reset, and brought up to date. Thousands of new words added. French entries include words used in ordinary French speech, the best modern writings, and obsolete words and phrases used in classical writings. Compiled from best authorities in both languages. Includes idiomatic expressions, proverbs, and recent scientific, commercial and military terms.
Plain $5.00, Thumb-indexed $5.75

● **LATIN-ENGLISH** and English-Latin
The standard dictionary of classical Latin. More than 26,000 Latin entries and more than 17,000 English entries. Includes quotations illustrating construction and usage, a table of the Roman calendar, a geographical glossary of English names and places with their classical Latin equivalents.
Plain $5.00, Thumb-indexed $5.75

● **GERMAN-ENGLISH** and English-German
The definitive guide to the German language. Completely revised, this dictionary contains more than 130,000 entries, with a phonetic key to the pronunciation of all German words. Vocabulary covers literary, scientific and technical German.
Plain $5.00, Thumb-indexed $5.75

Best value and quality for students, writers, teachers, clergymen, professional men and women. Send for circular.

At all bookstores

Funk & Wagnalls

153 East 24th St. New York 10, N. Y.

Good Reading For Drama Lovers

JEAN ANOUILH'S

Legend of Lovers

Translated by KITTY BLACK

This fascinating re-creation of the Orpheus and Eurydice legend in modern terms, produced by the Theatre Guild last winter, is one of the most brilliant and thought-provoking works of Europe's most successful dramatist. $2.75

PAINT YOUR WAGON

By ALAN J. LERNER

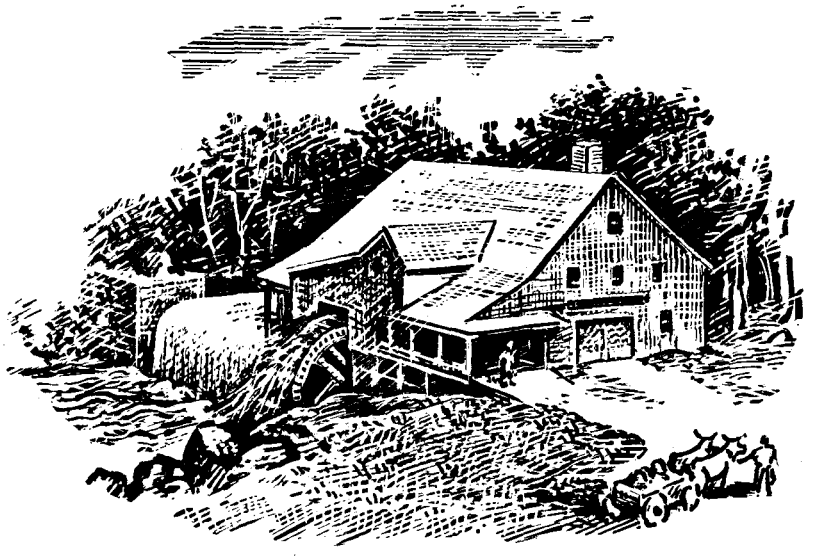
The smash hit musical play of the California Gold Rush by the author of *Brigadoon* — with a sparkling and genuinely informative introduction directed to young writers of musicals. $2.75

At all bookstores
COWARD-McCANN, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unmatched east of the Rockies. About half way between the northern and southern limits of the two states is the Great Smoky range, veiled usually in a mist or haze of blue. But partly because of the legend-name and partly because no adequate term is used for the composite mountains of the southern shoulder of the Appalachians, the term Smoky Mountains is popularly used for the entire area. It is thus that North Callahan presents the region in the twenty-fourth volume in the American Folkways Series.

It is a country rich in natural beauty where a man-made culture, picturesque and quaint, as a product of isolation, has maintained itself. But recently its scenic resource has been discovered by the American tourists, who import themselves each summer



to inspect the work of God, visit the Cherokee Reservation, and sit in the cool forest amphitheatre to view the stirring pageant, "Unto These Hills," with its historic theme of tragedy and pathos when the Red Men were forced to quit their beloved mountains.

The Smoky Mountain country has an export too. It is the ballad music of the uplands and their neighboring valleys which all America has taken to itself as a partial antidote for the dullness and sameness of our over-centralized culture.

North Callahan is a native of this area and writes with a pleasant nostalgic desire to escape his New York quarters and return whenever possible. He tells of the interesting doings of his homeland and of the vital spirit of its people, who prize freedom most highly and who were such staunch sons of the Union as to remain loyal during the Civil War. He has captured the details of their way of life, their expressive dialect, and their music with its modern troubadours, Eddie Arnold, Roy Acuff, and the gang on the radio program, "Grand Ole Opry." He knows their politics, too, and pictures it as being as rugged as the mountain gorge and as genuine as the rings in the tails of Tennessee coons. In using the anecdotal worth of these themes Callahan has chosen to concentrate on the western side of the Smokies reaching as far over as the Cumberlands. One wonders what the governor of North Carolina will have to say to the governor of Tennessee when they meet after reading that the Great Smoky Mountains have a relatively blank side on the east.

The march of events which permeated this land is closely associated with our nation's history although it is still relatively unknown. From the days of Daniel Boone it has experienced such engagements as King's Mountain in the Revolution and action of both amateur and professional armies in the Civil War. It has known bitter personal feuds between such men as Jackson and John Sevier and more pleasant contests such as the famed gubernatorial contest between the brothers Taylor, Democrat and Republican, who fiddled and spoke their way through the "War of the Roses."

Unfortunately the author is not as much at home with the historical narrative as he is with the generation of his father and himself. His research is incomplete and his writing marred by fundamental errors of fact. How could "almost two hundred thousand persons" have "poured into the Smoky Mountain country through the Cumberland Gap," by 1790 when the flow of migration was in the other direction? How could the independent state of Franklin have sought and failed to secure annexation to North Carolina because the latter feared an increase in federal taxes, when the Franklinites were in revolt from North Carolina, the parent state of the over-mountain men?

Together

HEAVENS ON EARTH: Utopian Communities in America 1680-1880. By Mark Holloway. Library Publishers, New York. $4.75. That man's lot on earth can be improved by deliberate effort is the essential belief of every social reformer. That such improvement can come at a single stroke is the belief of very few. But the few who have so believed are interesting out of all proportion to their numbers. Some have become revolutionaries. Others have eschewed practical measures and found their outlet in the writing of utopian novels. Still others have sought to reconcile vision with action, and have undertaken by peaceable means to build on this new continent a perfect society on a small scale in a cooperative or communistic colony.

Over the past three hundred years a succession of such experimental communities have arisen on American soil, established by foreign sects, by American saints, by anti-religious reformers, by charlatans, by intellectuals, by peasants. The story of these ventures is told with sympathy and verve in this British book, which bears the delightfully ambiguous title "Heavens on Earth," a phrase that may be taken either as explanatory or as exclamatory.

As a work of popularization, this shows excellent craftsmanship. Mr. Holloway deals amusingly with commutarian foibles without misrepresenting the basic seriousness of the movement. By deft selection he encompasses the entire period, bringing together the accepted historical information found in the standard works in the field. To produce a readable synthesis has not been an easy task, for many of the older works are diffuse, vague, incomplete, and out of balance. Mr. Holloway uses them with discrimination, and composes their chaotic information into a smooth and well-proportioned narrative.

Unfortunately disordered exposition is not the only fault of the older works. Many of them are based on quite inadequate research, and present conclusions that are far from trustworthy. Mr. Holloway can offer no corrective to this, for he has made almost no use of manuscripts, contemporary periodicals, or newspapers, and he has even missed a number of the more recent scholarly publications. His book is thus a summary of what has commonly been thought about communitarian Socialism, rather than a fresh and reliable interpretation of the movement, no longer vigorous in America.

—Arthur E. Bestor, Jr.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE USSR & THE WORLD

(*Continued from page 17*)

fratricidal factional hatred, and calculating cynicism.

Orwell's book, written at the time, helps to force this conclusion, though he does not state it—evidently did not then feel it. It limits itself to a statement-at-a-point-in-time. I wonder if the author of "Animal Farm" and "Nineteen Eighty-Four" might someday have written more about Spain, or revised and enlarged this interesting book, had he lived?

Watchful Waters

REPORT FROM FORMOSA. By H. Maclear Bate. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 290 pp. $3.50.

By Hallett Abend

A CAREFUL perusal of Mr. Bate's book on Formosa leaves the reader feverishly speculating what the future of that unhappy island can possibly be, and what fate awaits Chiang Kai-shek and his more than half million military and civilian followers. Which is just what Mr. Bate intended when he wrote his book.

It is not any lack of clarity in the author's writing or presentation of his subject which leads to this reader bewilderment. It is merely the result of the unparalleled developments which have brought an ousted political and military leader to exile on a small and not altogether hospitable island, where they exist in a dangerous and probably temporary condition of security because their outside protecting power fears that any decisive move to change conditions might be the signal for the start of a third world war.

It is likely that no American author could have written as calm and balanced a book about Formosa as this volume by a noted British journalist and foreign correspondent. An American would almost certainly be biased for or against our whole Far East policy, whereas Mr. Bate's only discernible prejudice is against the now admitted folly of London ever having accorded formal diplomatic recognition to the Red regime in Peking.

Formosa has been a luckless island. For centuries history has recorded invasions, uprisings, and rebellions, but only short and temporary periods of peace and prosperity. Rarely have the Formosans felt any real attachment to China as their homeland.

The author has wisely devoted considerable space to the turbulent history of the island itself, and has included chapters on Hongkong, Macao, and Manila. Without these sidelights on nearby seaports, and an explanation of the relationship of Formosa and Japan, the picture of the present crisis would be incomplete and difficult for the average reader to understand.

Today Chiang Kai-shek's problem is almost identical with the basic problem which worries both the White House and the Pentagon. Stated in its simplest terms this problem is how long can we wait to have Chiang Kai-shek attempt a return to the mainland of China. His army, navy, and air force, numbering collectively more than 500,000 men, can of course be re-equipped with artillery, transport, planes, and ships from the United States, but Chiang's men are getting no younger, and he has no reservoir of civilian manpower from which to draw recruits or conscripts. The 7,000,000 Formosans will not go into his armed forces, and his Chinese army is already three years older than when he fled from the mainland.

Mao Tse-tung and his Chinese Communists cannot forever endure the existence of an alienated Formosa garrisoned by hostile troops only 100 miles offshore. The United States has made it clear that the island must never pass under Red control, but neither Chiang nor Washington can keep the Nationalist army forever young enough to be an effective fighting force.

The much talked of "general settlement" in the Far East, including Washington's recognition of Peking, seems more remote than ever now that Great Britain has openly acknowledged the failure of its own recognition policy by withdrawing all representatives of British business from Red China, and abandoning properties and assets worth nearly a billion dollars.

Even if such an unlikely "general settlement" could be brought about the mere existence of Chiang Kai-shek's army and host of followers on Formosa would present an almost insoluble problem. It would be even more difficult than the problem of our prisoners of war in Korea.

We could not surrender this great host of human beings to the untender mercy of the Chinese Reds, nor could we haul them away in ships to some location of safety. What coun-

Hallett Abend has written "Chaos in Asia," "Japan Unmasked," and other books on the Far East.

"A joy to read."

This novel of the Norman Conquest as seen through Saxon eyes has received some of the best reviews of 1952.

THE *Fourteenth of October*

By BRYHER

"EXQUISITELY WRITTEN; original and arresting. Bryher's prose is a joy to read, lyrical, intense, delicately finished."—*Orville Prescott,* N. Y. TIMES.

"The author's undeceived eye for beauty has produced a Bayeux tapestry, a gallant book."—*Marianne Moore.*

"First-rate fiction. A book not to miss."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

$2.75 at all bookstores

PANTHEON BOOKS, INC., N. Y. 14

Hidden Documents

WHILE YOU SLEPT

Our tragedy in Asia

And Who Made It

John T. Flynn's Best Seller

Only **$2.50** *at all book stores*

or

THE DEVIN-ADAIR CO.

23 East 26th Street, New York 10

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

try or region would accept them? Not Japan. Not the Philippines. Every country in East Asia is already overpopulated, and there exist no uninhabited islands which could be purchased and offered to them as a safe haven.

Another almost insoluble problem is what to do about the native islanders, the real Formosans. They do not want Chiang Kai-shek or the Nationalists to stay on. They do not want to be ruled by the Chinese Communists. They talk dreamily of independence or of becoming the wards of the United Nations. But they have no idea who would then protect them from aggression from the mainland.

Reading "Report From Formosa" will help no one to come up with a solution of any of these puzzles. But the book itself is a vast help to an understanding of the great issues at stake—issues which had best be thoroughly understood by the American public before our government finally takes up the task of trying to evolve some safe and equitable solution.

USSR & World Notes

STRANGE LAND BEHIND ME. By Stephen W. Pollak. British Book Centre. $3.25. The "God that failed" so many others, has also failed Stephen Pollak, a young Czech journalist and disillusioned ex-Communist. His father, a well-to-do art dealer and connoisseur of philosophy and literature, was a genuine liberal who said that the few eternal ideas worth fighting for cannot be realized or destroyed by shooting off guns. The son thought he knew better and went his own way.

The "strange land" which he now leaves behind, is the community of his former comrades in the revolutionary service of the Soviet Union. His was an adventurous life. He fought in Spain, was crippled, escaped to France and was, on instruction from Moscow, sent to Yugoslavia and other Balkan countries. Traveling with a false Canadian passport, he maintained contact with underground Communists but was arrested in India and interned. After the war he returned to East-Germany and later to Prague. Only here, when his superiors interfered with his work on a Communist newspaper, did he become convinced that Moscow was not really interested in the national interests of the Czechoslovakian people. The Kremlin, he noticed, was only working for Russia.

Looking over his eleven years in the service of the Party, the author confesses with bitterness in his heart: "My deep faith in the Socialist Fatherland had survived the shock of the Soviet-German pact, of the Soviet attack on Finland, of the knowledge that Russia had betrayed the anti-Fascist cause in Spain for her own ends, and of Yugoslavia being left to her fate by a Socialist Russia . . . Now, allegiance to a Party which had forsaken the ideals of the Revolution by becoming the tool of the foreign policy of a new ruling caste seemed the real betrayal of everything I had cherished."

Writing about his meetings with Moscow agents, Soviet embassy officials, and faithful Communists in many parts of the world with candor and honesty, Mr. Pollak cannot be called simply another disillusioned revolutionary. He remained a faithful, although not fully convinced, Moscow-follower until his own country, Czechoslovakia, was subjugated by Soviet Russia. While still a firm believer in Communist ideas, he thinks that the Socialist crusade has been transformed into a struggle not between oppressor and oppressed but for power to mold the destinies of the common man. He maintains that the salvation of society cannot be achieved by an "American way of life." He emerges, in fact, as a nationalist Czech—as against the Soviet imperialism preached by Moscow—and a believer in totalitarian ideas—as long as they are for the good of the masses and not of the few in the Kremlin. Strangely enough, he does not even mention Titoism.

Living now in England, enjoying freedom of thought and conscience, he asserts blandly that these are luxuries in any society which has not first fed and clothed and sheltered its members. The battlecry of "Freedom versus slavery" sounds hollow to him while he proclaims at the same time his right to speak and write as he likes.

It is this confusion in his mind which makes his story oddly fascinating reading. And his experience in journalism, his brilliant observations, his illuminating disclosures of Soviet methods in foreign countries and a penetrating chapter on the Communist subjugation of Czechoslovakia in

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"WHAT'S MY LINE?"
(Thank you, TV)

Each of the ten literary characters mentioned below worked in one of the four fields accompanying his or her name. Fannie Gross, of Asheville North Carolina, asks you to see how many you can remember. Allowing ten points for each correct answer, a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, and seventy or better is excellent. Answers on page 38.

1. The villainous Midge Kelly, in "Champion," by Ring Lardner, earned his living as an expert
   wrestler boxer pool player crapshooter
2. After Sherlock Holmes left London to retire in Sussex he became an ardent
   stamp collector artist schoolteacher beekeeper
3. Liza, the bewildered heroine of "Lady in the Dark," by Moss Hart, was employed as a
   magazine editor pianist housewife telephone operator
4. Silas Lapham, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," by William Dean Howells, got rich on
   soap paint biscuits peanuts
5. In Evelyn Waugh's "The Loved One" Aimée Thanatogenos was a lovelorn
   dancer secretary mortuary beautician cook
6. Quasimodo, in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," by Victor Hugo, was a deformed
   tightrope walker safe cracker bellringer steeplejack
7. Before she was reconditioned, Eliza Doolittle, in Shaw's "Pygmalion," eked out an existence by selling
   popcorn flowers patent medicine shoestrings
8. The unfortunate Moxon, in Ambrose Bierce's "Moxon's Master," was a
   prison warden bank president inventor prospector
9. Dinah Morris, in "Adam Bede," by George Eliot, had the unusual job of
   mica splitter coffee grinder lady-preacher doll dresser
10. In "August Heat," by W. F. Harvey, Charles Atkinson made his living as a
    bricklayer tombstone carver antique dealer farmer

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1948, add no little to the importance of his book. —HENRY B. KRANZ.

ASSASSINS AT LARGE. By Hugo Dewar. Beacon Press. $3. This book is subtitled: "Being a fully documented and hitherto unpublished account of the executions outside Russia ordered by the GPU." Why a perfectly good wrap-up of Soviet-instigated murders and kidnappings should be thus oversold in its subtitle is something that rests more on the publisher's than on the author's conscience.

After three pages of *non sequitur* about the Prophet Mahomet, Hasn-ben-Sabah, and the thirteenth-century Hashashins (you know: they committed murder while under the influence of hashish, and thus the word assassin was born), Hugo Dewar deals with the deaths or disappearances of a number of people who include: General Eugene Miller, president of the White Russian Federation of ex-Combatants, in Paris; Ignace Reiss, in Lausanne; Dmitri Navachine, Leon Sedov, and Willi Muenzenberg, in France; Andreas Nin in Spain; Walter Krivitsky, in Washington; Juliet Stuart Poyntz, in New York; Leon Trotsky, in Mexico; Sergei Kirov, in Leningrad.

The Kirov assassination, as is well remembered, touched off the Moscow purges. Mr. Dewar suggests that Josef Stalin may have caused Kirov's death. The author says: "This one murder, whether deliberately connived at by him or not, was still used by him to 'justify' the judicial murder of hundreds." Mr. Dewar's book has also ten pages on recent Soviet kidnappings in Berlin and Austria, and he summarizes the trials and executions of Communist leaders accused of Titoism in Soviet satellite states. The author asks the world's compassion for Communist victims of Communist assassins. He says that "one cannot avoid the suspicion that the fate of Noel Field [the American who disappeared behind the Iron Curtain] is a matter of some indifference to American public opinion, because this man was a Communist." If we're indifferent, then how does it happen that a mass circulation magazine like *The Saturday Evening Post* featured on its cover, last December, an article entitled "What Has Stalin Done With Noel Field?"

Mr. Dewar's book brings together some of the information on Soviet-instigated assassinations. But his fear that the world doesn't care about the fate of men and women, just because they are Communists, seems to me an emotion-laden overstatement.

—MARTIN EBON.

BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page* 14)

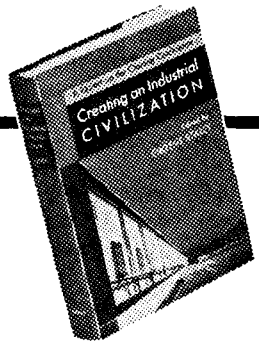
triple play via England's dour Joe Miller. Never have so many "names" owed so much to so little a reference work.

In advising writers as to their literary rights and safeguarding them against the wolves that cluster downwind of a best seller or a smash hit, Mr. Lindey is a master of compression. He even provides generous documentation, an index, and an invaluable bibliography. His opinion on quoting from a popular song is alone worth the price of the book. Omission of that cluttering footnote, "Quoted by gracious permission, etc." Would certainly make for easier reading and freer-margined pages. And if, in cheering this opinion or in any other respect, the reviewer has pirated, infringed, or lapsed into any form of plain or fancy snatching, he can take refuge in Mr. Lindey's hospitable statement: "My purpose has not been to convert laymen into amateur lawyers, but to make them—if they ever imagine themselves victims of piracy or if they're accused of the offense—knowledgeable and tractable clients."

Belles-Lettres Notes

THE CREATIVE PROCESS: A Symposium. Edited by Brewster Ghiselin. University of California Press. $6.50. This collection, unlike the multitudes that tumble from the presses these days, is unified by a decisive theme: what is the creative process? And since most of the contributors—ranging from John Dryden, more than 250 years ago, up to the present—are themselves creators, we have fresh, first-hand, personal statements. The reader then finds himself thinking back on the creative works of these artists and seeing them with new illumination. That is the first virtue of the symposium.

Of the thirty-eight contributors, the largest goup (twenty) are writers, a hardly surprising proportion when we consider that since a writer's skill lies in verbalizing and (usually) communicating, he can more successfully expose that mysterious process than artists whose skills lie in other mediums. The editor's arrangement of this group is often clever. Side by side, for example, are Dryden, whose process was to drag his thoughts from the dark toward the light of judgment, and Jean Cocteau, whose process is to be "at the disposal of his night." Or



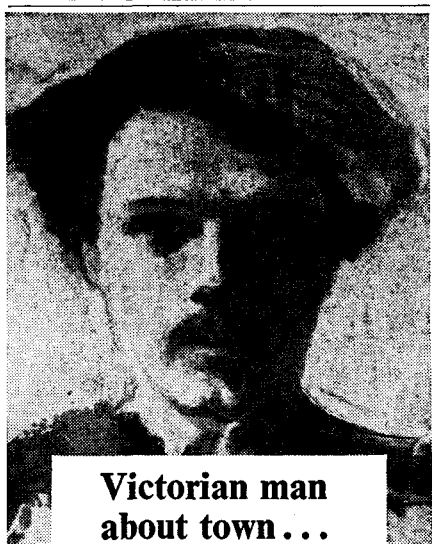
CREATING AN INDUSTRIAL CIVILIZATION

A Report
on the Corning Conference

Edited by
Eugene Staley

A remarkable focusing of ideas—from nearly 100 distinguished business and academic leaders—on the place of *human values* in a world increasingly dominated by the products of technology.

$4.00
at your bookstore or from
HARPER & BROTHERS
49 E. 33 St., N. Y. 16



Victorian man about town . . .

THE YOUNG GEORGE du MAURIER

The talented author of *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson* describes the Bohemian London in which he moved, in letters to sweetheart, family and friends. "The best book George du Maurier ever wrote!"

Edited and with an Introduction by
Daphne du Maurier
With over 50 illustrations. $4.50

DOUBLEDAY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

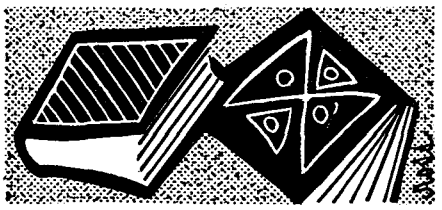
we have a Henry James preface, with its intricate sensitivities, followed by a blunt, no-nonsense piece by Kipling entitled "Working-Tools." Gertrude Stein in a conversation with John Hyde Preston makes some shrewd comments; and after we read her opinion of Thomas Wolfe we can turn to his own piece, "The Story of a Novel." The symposium is full of such delights. There is also a good selection of poets, omitting, very sensibly, Poe's famous and probably fictional account. The best of these are Amy Lowell's and a piece by the editor himself, acutely describing how he composed a poem, and giving us, for good measure, his fine poem as well.

Besides writing, other arts are represented: several pieces on painting, of which those by Picasso and D. H. Lawrence are the most rewarding, on sculpture by Henry Moore, on dancing by Mary Wigman, on mathematics by Poincaré, on philosophy by Nietzsche, on psychology by Jung. And to wind up, there is a scientific analysis of the creative process by R. W. Gerard called "The Biological Basis of Imagination."

It is, in general, a stimulating collection, for it brings together some of the standard pieces on the creative process and adds to them a fresh batch from diverse sources. At the beginning, the editor has provided a long, perhaps superfluous, introduction; and the press has produced an elegantly sturdy volume.

THE METAPHYSICAL PASSION, Seven Modern American Poets and the Seventeenth-Century Tradition. By Sona Raiziss. University of Pennsylvania Press. $5. What is metaphysical poetry, what produced it in the seventeenth and our century, and who are the most prominent modern practitioners—these are the questions Miss Raiziss investigates in her very solid, scholarly, and literate book. That school of poetry wrote with a strangely exciting fusion of the realistic, the mystic, and the intellectual. Its techniques uses wit, elaborated metaphor, paradox, irony, or any other complex attitude. After setting up these definitions with their ramifications, Miss Raiziss describes the social-political-philosophical milieu that produced the poetry—in the seventeenth century (with Donne the main exemplar) and in our own (with Eliot). In this section she brings a prodigious amount of knowledge to prove that the same kinds of conflicts and tensions produced metaphysical and neometaphysical poetry. This thesis, developed with great subtlety, sometimes seems insubstantial—if one may cavil—because some of the main causes (conflicts and tensions) existed in other periods—the end of the nineteenth century, for example—which did not produce that kind of poetry.

In the last section of the book, which is easily the most brilliant,



Miss Raiziss analyzes seven modern metaphysicals: Eliot, Tate, Warren, Ransom, MacLeish, Wylie, and Crane. Here her own achievement as a poet helps her to perceive and to express her perception with keen tact. The book as a whole is one of the most distinguished scholarly books we have seen in recent years—both as literary history and as contemporary criticism.

THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO CORSICA; AND MEMOIRS OF PASCAL PAOLI. By James Boswell. Edited by Morchard Bishop. Macmillan. $2. Now that Boswell's private writings are making him intimately known to a wide public, he begins to assume the vast contours of a hero—an ironic fate for one who was himself a hero-worshipper. In 1763, having met the great Mr. Johnson, he went off on his Continental tour. After visiting Holland (where he encountered the fascinating Zélide), Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, he embarked for Corsica, then in a state of revolt against Genoa. He stayed five weeks on the primitive island, much of the time with its leader, General Paoli; and though Corsica failed to win her liberation, and the General lived out his exile in England, Boswell had found a cause and a hero. In 1768 he published his book on Corsica. The first long section is a dull account of the island, compiled from two source books. The rest of it, which is now reprinted in an excellently edited little book, consists of his journals, including his conversations with Paoli.

Although interesting for its own sake, the Corsican journal also squints at two of Boswell's greatest concerns. In recording his friendship with Paoli and their conversations—which Thomas Gray called "a dialogue between a green-goose and a hero"—he exercised a technique which was to go into his greatest book, the life of Johnson. One of his strategies was to erect an illogical or immoral attitude—with Paoli, immorality itself—and then watch his hero demolish it. He even described Johnson to Paoli, and enjoyed the satisfaction of hearing his English hero admired by his Corsican one. Perhaps a more striking quality of this published journal is its occasional similarity to his private ones. In this one, which he at least had the satisfaction of seeing in print, he self-consciously struts before himself, describes his intimate introspection, and exults in his melancholy. It is startling to twentieth-century readers to realize that, to some extent, he saw no difference between his public and his private utterance.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. By Philip Henderson. Longmans, Green. $1.85. This little book on the great Elizabethan dramatist is an uneven performance, partly through the difficulty of its subject and partly through the method of its author. The first half sets forth the scant facts of Marlowe's short, mysterious life, which was ended by a dagger. The definite facts are so few that (as with our biographies of his contemporaries) the portrait must be composed of the figure that remains after the background has been filled in—a method successfully used in Marchette Chute's book on Shakespeare. Mr. Henderson, with a more modest scope, sketches in the social background of Canterbury, where the dramatist spent his boyhood, and the intellectual background of his London free-thinking friends; and he quotes freely and frankly from relevant documents.

The second half of the book analyzes all the tragedies, with full treatment of those on "Tamburlaine," "The Jew of Malta," "Edward the Second," and "Doctor Faustus." For each, Mr. Henderson gives concise bibliographical data, stage history, sources, and plot summary; and then a general discussion. Although his comments are perceptive and usually pertinent, they are set down with no clear method or point of view, so that one leaves them with a freshened appreciation but with no new, consistent understanding. The final chapters are devoted to Marlowe's sensual poem "Hero and Leander" and to a summary of his achievements (and shortcomings) as a dramatist. In general it is a useful and stimulating handbook for a fresh reading of Marlowe's mighty lines. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. boxer. 2. beekeeper. 3. magazine editor. 4. paint. 5. mortuary beautician. 6. bellringer. 7. flowers. 8. inventor. 9. lady-preacher. 10. tombstone carver.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAULKNER: SORCERER OR SLAVE?

(*Continued from page 10*)

pedient of telling me you have committed incest otherwise did you try to make her do it." Quentin answers No: "i was afraid she might and then it wouldn't have done any good but if i could tell you we did it would have been so and then the others wouldn't be so." The father accepts this as making the matter perfectly clear and tells his son approvingly that he is not lying now. After a little disquisition on the unimportance of everything, he bids Quentin, "go on up to cambridge right away" and "you will remember that for you to go to harvard has been your mother's dream since you were born and no compson [the family name is Compson] has ever disappointed a lady."

Comment seems unnecessary, except perhaps to point out that the passage is notably characteristic of Mr. Faulkner. All that chiefly distinguishes him is there, his stylistic vagaries along with his peculiar brand of Puritanism, his twisted notions of good and bad, and his kinship with the more romantic writers among the earlier Victorians, whose heroes also would never disappoint a lady.

Back of the extremely bleak view he takes of all things here below stands the conviction, older than Puritanism, as old as antiquity, present in all ages, among all nations and races, that there is an inseparable trinity: the world and all that is therein, the flesh and all that are born therefrom, and the devil.

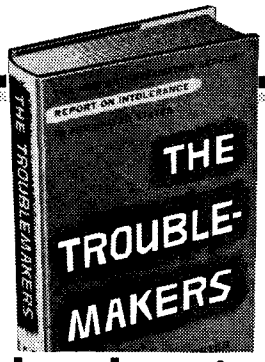
HIS special gift as a writer—and it is a great gift—is that he can make anything live, no matter how ordinary and trivial, if he chooses to do so. When he takes in hand what he deals with best, a flood, a fire, a storm, he can carry his reader away with him past all damning points of criticism. Indeed he can do that without any aid from convulsions of nature. In his most popular novel, "Sanctuary," he is able to sweep one through most improbable events and people and keep up the interest which, in the preposterous circumstances the book spotlights, is an achievement.

"Sanctuary," however, was a new experiment for Mr. Faulkner. In his earlier novels, usually considered his best, which were, with one exception, written before that highly colored piece of fiction, he paints a drab, monotonous world. Necessarily so, for there are no contrasts in the picture. There is violence, indeed, and cruelty and all manner of sexual doings, but they merge into the general scene, dimmed like everything else. They are an ugly, insignificant part of what is ugly and without significance. All these books merge with one another. There is the same heavy gray atmosphere, the same undiversified country, the same inconsequent little human beings making the same futile gestures; the writer's art used not to heighten and magnify, but to dull and diminish. Plot, character, the storyteller's tools from Homer on to the latest *Saturday Evening Post* serial, do not interest Mr. Faulkner. How many readers could give a clear account of what happens in any of these novels? Certainly not a single individual in them stands out and is alive. Power of choice, the great individualizer, Mr. Faulkner will not allow them. They are all volitionless servants of fatality, and thereby unimportant, even to their creator.

Wherein his special gift is most brilliantly shown, what he can make come alive most vividly, is an experience,—just that, an experience which the reader feels as if it were his own, independent of the person in the book it is attached to, who is there only to give it a locality. There is no feeling necessarily of sympathy with the character or even of understanding him, but only of being oneself put through that suspense, that terror, that remorse.

It is a gift few writers have had. It is especially Mr. Faulkner's for two reasons. First, his characters with few exceptions are not sympathetic or understandable, so that it is easy to detach the emotion from the embodiment of it as it would not be to detach horror from Raskolnikoff or passion from Anna Karenina. In their case it is what they are feeling that takes possession of us; we have forgotten ourselves. None of Mr. Faulkner's characters have that independent life. The second reason is that he avoids the profounder emotions. Love and the suffering bound up with it is not a subject he cares to treat. It is absent even when its presence is urgently required, as in "Requiem for a Nun" where a baby who has been murdered drops out of the picture which has for its center the baby's mother. Her suffering is concentrated on herself; the baby is forgotten.

With the power he has to tell a story, his ability to create tension where he chooses, the storyteller's



Who are the troublemakers in the U.S. today?

Find out in this eye-opening report of racial and religious prejudice during the past year . . . naming the professional rabble-rousers – the vicious network which influences elections ("Ballots for Bigotry"), institutes "smears" (the Anna M. Rosenberg case), and subverts the democratic process for personal gain.

The Troublemakers
by *Arnold Forster*
& Benjamin R. Epstein
An Anti-Defamation League Report

"It's more than a book . . . it's a bombshell!" – WALTER WINCHELL. "A lively and absorbing account of the people who make a living selling bigotry and prejudice." – SEN. WM. BENTON. *$3.50 at all booksellers*

DOUBLEDAY

HOW TO GET YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED

We are established publishers whose basic policy is to encourage new or unknown authors. If you are looking for a publisher of your novel, scholarly or religious work, play, poetry, memoirs, etc., perhaps we can help you. Write to Frances Foley today for Free Booklet FF.

Vantage Press, Inc., 230 W. 41 St., N. Y. 36
In Calif., 6356 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28.

Film Programs Puzzling?

Complete index of 16mm film reviews and feature articles which have appeared in *SR's* "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available.

Send 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and postage to

FILMS
THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

AUTHORS' OPPORTUNITY

You CAN have your book published. Our editorial, advertising and distribution facilities are at your service through our subsidy publishing plan. Send us your manuscript for review, or write for our free Authors' Manual.

COMET PRESS BOOKS—Dept. S. J.
11 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

best gift, he seems deliberately to set up obstacles in the way of his story. His obscurities, his sentences that make no sense, are herein a minor matter. He will never put into incomprehensible words anything that is essential to understanding what he wants to get over. But he will keep on interrupting it, breaking it in two. He loves to release a torrent of words that have nothing to do with what has gone before. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, they rush out, tumbling over each other, eddying around the reader like a flood, carrying him this way and that, all sense of direction lost. The feeling of hurry is increased by an absence of capital letters and periods. The impression given is that the writer cannot stop to end a sentence or write a capital. The reader finds himself breathlessly trying to keep up with him while holding on to the story left pages behind. The sense of immediacy, which Mr. Faulkner when he wants can give to anything, has without warning been transferred to some unlikely and irrelevant account of an ancient train of cars, perhaps, or the building of a jail, or the contents of an old ledger, all of them there as if the surge of words, words, words had taken possession of the writer too and was driving him on along with his reader.

These interruptions to the story are much less distressing, of course, when there is nothing of importance to be interrupted. If one is reading a tale told by an idiot, for instance, one does not especially mind being shifted away from the subject, such as it is, to a description of fishing. But in Mr. Faulkner's latest novel, "Intruder in the Dust," there is, surprisingly, a good plot, even an exciting plot, how a boy saves a Negro from being lynched for a murder he did not commit, and there are scenes in it as tense as anything Mr. Faulkner has written. It is infuriating, when one is waiting to see if the boy digging up the murdered man will be quick enough to stop the lynching, to be plunged into long pages describing over and over again what Mr. Faulkner calls accurately "the land fixed in monotonous repetition." One is reduced to wishing that the story could be printed in some special kind of type and the meanderings of Mr. Faulkner's thought in some other kind. Or better still, that he had employed earlier the same technique as in his latest book, "Requiem for a Nun." This is a play, and it appears that when Mr. Faulkner comes to the drama, even he cannot stop at a breathless moment to give the history of an old jail, then return to the moment and go on to another crisis and in the middle of it pick up the jail again. He has put all the material about the jail together and simply interlarded the acts of the play with it. The play is almost as easy to read as if the other material were not there.

THIS play is the only book he has published since he received the Nobel Prize. At the award ceremonies the speech he made was notably brief, less than a page in any of his books, and yet it may well outlive them all. "That singular swing to elevation" which Schopenhauer noted in great literature, is as marked in it as it is absent from his writings. As he spoke he came back to what he called "the old universal truths, love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice," from which he has wandered so far in his books. Without these, he said, a writer "writes not of love, but of lust." In what book ever did he himself write of love, and in how many books has he not written of lust? He went on to say that such a writer, one who has not learned "the old verities and truths of the heart," will deal with "defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and worst of all without pity and compassion."

Many figures in his books throng to the mind with these words: Rosa Coldfield in "Absalom, Absalom!" the final defeat of her death after a life of so little value that for forty-three years it had been only "a stubborn and amazed outrage"; Henry Sutpen's victory over Bon in the same book which brought him back to live "as if he were already a corpse; waking or sleeping it would be the same forever as long as he lived." These two can stand for all the victories and defeats Mr. Faulkner has recounted. No values are ever at stake; no victory ever brings hope or pity or compassion. Everything there is ends in futility. Darl says toward the end of "As I Lay Dying": "How do our lives ravel out into the no-wind, no-sound, the weary gestures wearily recapitulant, echoes of old compulsions with no-hand on no-strings; in sunset we fall into furious attitudes, dead gestures of dolls." The passage deserves quoting not for itself but because it expresses Mr. Faulkner's creed. It could be matched over and over again in his books.

On the other side there is only courage. His characters are helpless. Their "every breath is a fresh cast with dice loaded against them," by "the dark diceman" who cares nothing for human anguish. Even so, they accept their inevitable doom with heads carried high. That is all.

In his speech Mr. Faulkner said that the writer's duty and privilege is to help men endure by lifting their hearts, not only by reminding them of what is good and great and enduring, but also by being a pillar of strength to them in their struggles toward it. In his books he reminds us only of the futility of all things human, and the certain defeat of all men's struggles. When he accepted the prize in those words of singular nobility and profound truth he was pronouncing the condemnation of the work which had won him the prize.

The speech met with wide acclaim. It seemed to reveal depths he had never sounded before, and what he would do next was eagerly awaited. "Requiem for a Nun" was published in the following year. Its great importance comes from the fact that it was written after the speech.

Two women are the protagonists in the play, a Negro prostitute and murderer, and the girl who was a chief figure in "Sanctuary," Temple Drake, grown up now and married. The thesis Mr. Faulkner sets forth is two-fold. One, the less prominent, is that old but terrible companion to so many religions, expiation. Sin can be expiated; the debt incurred thereby to God can be wiped out if the sinner suffers enough. Temple, induced to confess all the evil ever in her, says she has confessed for no purpose except to suffer: "Just suffering. Not for anything; just suffering. Just because it's good for you." Suffering as such is good, cleansing, powerful in itself to make white what was black. Temple must confess although her confession will do nothing for anybody: "We don't come here to save Nancy. What we came here for is just to give Temple Drake a good fair honest chance to suffer—just anguish for the sake of anguish."

This is the idea deepest in the Puritan ascetic, in all asceticism. Men of themselves can wipe out evil and achieve goodness if they are willing to torture themselves. They do not need forgiveness. "I have blotted out thy

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

transgressions as a thick cloud and as a cloud thy sins: therefore return unto me." Mr. Faulkner's guilt-ridden men, curse-driven men, could never accept anything so full of pity and compassion, so natural in a Father to His children, as unearned forgiveness.

EXPIATION, however, plays a minor part in the play. The main thesis is that the end justifies the means, that ancient falsehood which has been the cause of the most hateful deeds men have done to each other. It is stated directly and clearly. Mr. Faulkner has dropped all his mannerisms. He tells the story as simply as possible, and his special gift of making an experience come alive has never been more strikingly shown. He needs no actors to carry over to his audience what he is telling them. They are not watching suffering people; they are suffering themselves, without any help from theatrical devices, almost it would seem, the dialogue is pitched so low, the language is so ordinary, without any help from the author.

In the last scene, which is in a prison the night before the Negro's execution, she and Temple talk to each other in brief sentences, the thought hardly expressed, the words completely commonplace, but intensity is there, rising, ever rising, through all they say.

And yet the text of this sermon Mr. Faulkner is preaching is not that a crime is pardonable, but that it is admirable, if it is seen by the criminal as the only way to stop another crime conceived of as greater. Nancy, the Negro, strangles Temple's six-months'-old baby because she believes that the child's death will stop Temple from eloping with a blackmailer and a thief. Nancy is the Nun who is lifted by her deed up to a level high above the others.

She has murdered a baby, with what Mr. Faulkner calls "that simple indeviable aim," and thereby she has become one with the saints and martyrs. Temple's friend and lawyer tells her that Nancy is dying "to prove that little children shall be intact, unanguished, untorn, unterrified." At the very end the odds are that she has saved Temple's soul too.

What has become of the great ideas in the Nobel Prize speech, "the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths"? The lawyer's speech is the very acme of sentimentality. The play not only culminates in it, but is founded upon it. The danger which threatens all those who detest nature and escape from reality has dogged Mr. Faulkner always. In his latest book it has overtaken him and overwhelmed him.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITING BOOK, PLAY, STORY, THESIS, article? Style-improving, editing, criticism, collaboration, research, translations. Also secretarial services. Recommended leading authors. SARA CLYNE, 49 West 56 St., NYC. CIrcle 5-7735.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Efficient, Economical, Prompt. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, 551 Fifth Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-2227.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

ESTABLISHED LITERARY AGENT, seeking to fill publishers' requests, offers marketing services to established and newer authors. Excellent editorial contacts for the placement of your book, story, article, verse, juvenile, plays, etc. Literary services available and include: editing, constructive criticism, technical revision, and ghost-writing. Send for brochure S. FRANK Q. BRADY, Literary Agent, 55 West 42 St., NYC 18.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS, MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, plays, stories, novels, all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, ALL FORMS. Specialists in Theses, Books, Plays. MSS delivery and pickup to publishers and magazines. Free Booklets. Announcing $10,000 Prize Contest for books, fiction and non-fiction. WRITERS SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED—yes, intelligently, beautifully. Book-lengths called for in New York area. Telephone mornings, evenings, ULster 7-5122. Mary Finette Barber, 862 Union Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOOKS

INTELLIGENT ADULTS! New serious book: "Should Fatherhood Begin at Forty?" Bibliography, Index. 256 pages. Nice cloth binding, $3.25 postpaid. Brower, 426 Girard Ave. East, Philadelphia 25, Pa.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER Co., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE—History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. *Inquiries invited.* PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

THOUSANDS OF BOOKS on hand. If I haven't got the one you want, I'll find it. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R. No. 6, Box 53-B, South Bend, Ind.

CLASSIFIED

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

A SEED WAS SOWN—The exciting life, inspiring philosophy and dynamic writings of Oscar Geiger, founder of the Henry George School of Social Science. 124 quarto pages, illustrated. Price $1. Send orders to Henry George News, 50 East 69 St., NYC 21.

BACK NUMBERS

NIELSEN'S BACK NUMBER SERVICE. Send want list. 7308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 30¢.

BOOKPLATES

BOOKPLATES, free samples, brochures—America's most unusual designs. RAPP STUDIOS, 150 West 34 St., NYC 1.

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

AMERICANA BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE. Huge stock. Weekly London importations. Competent search service. *Immediate attention to wants lists.* ROSS & HAINES, Inc., 17½ No. 6 St., Minneapolis 3, Minn.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

LANGUAGES

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak French, German, Russian, Japanese—any of 29 languages quickly by natural Linguaphone Conversational Method—World's Standard. You learn by listening. Save time, work. Approved for VETERANS' Training. Send for FREE book. Call for FREE demonstration, CIrcle 7-0829. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2607 Radio City, NYC 20.

RECORD MART

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

SACRIFICE *latest new Fisher Radio-Phonograph* Chassis complete $600. Box K-831.

EXCEPTIONAL RECORD SERVICE: LP and 45 RPM records. No charge for postage. New releases and Specials issued monthly. Send for FREE comprehensive catalogue today. MOREC MAIL, Inc., 326 Park Row Building, NYC 7.

PERSONALS

FRENCH YOUNG LADY, good family, living Paris, wants to exchange her place with boy or girl (or go au pair) in American family from August—6 months minimum. Write Miss Seres, 51 Boulevard Murat, Paris 16, France.

CHARTER 1953 subscriptions to IDIOM, new quarterly of experimental writing, must be reserved in advance. Send $3 now, or postal for information, to IDIOM, P. O. Box 86, Passaic, N. J.

WANTED: Teacher lower grades. Private school. Small classes. Stonington. Box L-82.

RESEARCH OR EDITORIAL POSITION, any type, wanted by young lady. M. A. in English; varied experience. Capable, adaptable, industrious. Box L-81.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

BRAZIL OR ANYWHERE—Gentleman available; long experience all levels government and office procedures, France, Mexico, Brazil; fluent PORTUGUESE, official translations, correspondence; administrative, secretarial, literary services; representative. Box 7772, Franklin Station, Washington, D. C.

PERSONABLE YOUNG MALE desires job in Montreal August 1-September 10. Tutor, companion, anything. Box L-77.

EXPERIENCED EDITORIAL SECRETARY seeks interesting part-time work for writer. Can work at home if necessary. Box L-74.

FRENCH ANTIQUARIAN, international expert primitive art, archeology, ethnography, desires partner for investment in important business here and abroad. Box L-85.

FOLK ARTS WORKSHOP: traditional English-American country dancing, square and otherwise, singing, tale telling . . . during 4th Virginia Highlands Festival of the Arts; August 9-23, Abingdon, Virginia. Other vacation classes in crafts, creative writing, music, drama. See famed Barter Players, and enjoy country dance parties, evenings. Write in care of Box 638, Abingdon, Va., before July 15.

MAN, 32, driving Seattle July 21, convertible, desires congenial companion share gas expense, driving. Box L-86.

BROWSE AND WALK on our 400 acre estate this spring. Under 3 hours by motor from Boston and New York, Simsbury House is a gracious, friendly, year-round Inn. Excellent food, comfortable rooms, delightful atmosphere. Permanent or transient guests welcome. For reservations write: Simsbury House, Hopmeadow St., Simsbury, Conn.

TO FOSTER GOOD WILL. Free instruction course by mail in the Catholic religion. No obligation. Write CATHOLIC INFORMATION SOCIETY, Dept. S, 214 West 31 St., NYC.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $7, doubles from $6.50 to $12. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave., NYC 17. ELdorado 5-7300.

YOUR VOICE made loud, clear, dynamic, powerful—with my Diaphragm Exerciser, new invention. Inexpensive. Write: VOICE DEVELOPER, Box 665 (21), St. Louis, Mo.

EVERY MAN NEEDS A KEY WESTER! It's a sport shirt of genuine fish net, handmade in our own shop. Small, medium and large, in natural or navy blue . . . $4.98 postpaid. ARTS AND THINGS, 919 Simonton, Key West, Florida.

WANTED: Intercollegiate Football 1869-1934—Complete Pictorial and Statistical Review, Christy Walsh, Editor, published by Doubleday, Doran Co. Box K-811.

GOING ABROAD? Enjoy your trip. Speak French in 12 lessons. Telephone LOng Beach 6-8220, MUrray Hill 5-4160 (NYC).

ABC SHORTHAND in one week. $1 returnable. ZINMAN, Box 386, Chautauqua, N. Y.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D. C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D. C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, ancedotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

GOOD USED BOOKS, 50¢-$1. All fields; postal brings lists. EDITIONS, Hempstead, N. Y.

STOP CHAIN-SMOKING! Use RESTY, the substitute cigarette. At druggists, or send $1 to RESTY, West Shokan, N. Y.

PERSONABLE YOUNG NEGRO MALE, with literature and psychiatric casework degrees, desires interesting employment, NYC or outside, mid-August through September. Box L-93.

RUSSIAN WEAPONS INFORMATION — descriptions, over 275 illustrations of Russian small arms, aircraft guns, ammunition, accessories, pyrotechnics and grenades, 1848 to now. The set (Weapons 1 and Weapons 2) $2 postpaid—Ohioans add tax. WEAPONS, Inc., Hudson 6, Ohio.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

NANTUCKET: For sale; attractive efficient small cottage; brick terrace, detached guest room, garage. On protected bay, excellent for sailing. Ocean bathing nearby. $12,500. GLADYS WOOD, Agent, Nantucket, Mass.

CONNECTICUT PARADISE for professional man or artist or writer. Commuting distance from New York. 7-acre rustic retreat. 36 foot pine-paneled living room opening out on large terrace. 5 bedrooms. Separate cottage for studio-library. Woodland acres with 1-room guest cottage in woods. Grape arbor, wisteria arbors, prize flower gardens, fruit trees, vegetable gardens. Clay tennis court in top playing condition. Sacrificing at $50,000. Box K-985.

COMPLETELY HAND-WROUGHT 7-room house, early English spirit, rare furnishings, outbuildings, secluded mountain acreage near Asheville; selected by leading architectural publication as one of 50 most artistic homes in North America. Photographs, plans, details. Kenneth Ellington, Chunn's Cove, Asheville, North Carolina.

DREAM—STREAM; PAINT—QUAINT; What a Spot! Country home in Canajoharie, N. Y., two-level (9 rooms), or 5-room home to live in and rent out 2 complete apartments for income. Skilfully remodeled century-old stone building; attractive brookside acre. Barn, stone cellar, garage. Ask your local broker or us for brochure SR43261. PREVIEWS, 49 East 53 St., NYC 22.

YEAR-ROUND RETREAT in Northern Massachusetts. Ideal for writer or artist. Michael Shayne and Basil Willing loved it . . . and so will you. Near Deerfield. Perfect seclusion amid 19 acres virgin timber and meadow. 8-room house on bank, picturesque mountain stream, private waterfall, fishing and swimming. New oil furnace and insulation. Heated study in old barn. Modern kitchen and bath, large living room with Fieldstone fireplace. Recently vacated by owners. Clean, perfect condition throughout. $13,000 to principals for quick sale. On paved road with school bus and mail delivery at front door. Write Brett Halliday or Helen McCloy, Westport, Conn. Telephone 2-6774.

For Summer Rental

CAPE COD. Secluded rustic cottage sleeps 6—all conveniences, salt water, view, August: $300. Another sleeps 4, $175. Box L-83.

CHARMING OLD FARMHOUSE. Broad fireplaces. Fine view. 3 miles Jaffrey, N. H. Season $300. Write P. O. Box 186, Westport, N. Y.

CAPE COD—Orleans. 3 bedrooms, all improvements. Private beach and boat. 2 weeks minimum. $150 week. Write D. Broman, 18 Pinkham St., Brockton, Mass.

VACATIONS

HONEYMOON—FIRST OR SECOND—at the ISLAND INN on famous MONHEGAN ISLAND, 10 miles off the coast of MAINE. American plan, from $35 weekly. Booklet.

NAIDNI-ON-DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Join us for your holiday. Good swimming, canoeing, fishing; extra good food. No planned entertainment.

BRIDGE ROAD FARM, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, offers unusual vacations, home-grown food.

VACATION SUGGESTION—Enjoy Berkshire's cultural activities, scenic beauty. Pre-season rates. Write FESTIVAL HOUSE, Lenox, Mass. Telephone 8107.

MERRIEBROOK. Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

SCRIBNER HILL FARM, Oxford, Maine. Lake, mountains, view, rural recreations.

VACATIONS

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY LIVING, excellent food. SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vermont.

LURAY, VA., 90 miles from Washington, D. C. Week end or vacation on farm. Mountain scenery, all modern conveniences. Excellent meals, restful atmosphere. Write P. O. Box 404 or telephone 147.

PINE COVE CAMP, Hiram, Maine—40 miles from Portland. Beautiful lake, sandy beach. Rustic cabins completely furnished, 1 to 5 persons, private or community kitchen. Adults. $10 per week per person. Open now until after Labor Day.

TENNIS, SWIMMING, BOATING, Handball, Croquet, or perhaps just sun-basking. SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y.

ARLBERG INN, Laconia 2, N. H. Small, friendly, country inn. Scenic, quiet, restful, Heartwarming hospitality, scrumptious food. $45.50—$49, weekly; meals included. Folder.

LOG CABINS IN THE PINES. Excellent food. Swimming, tennis, fishing. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

WOODHOLME—a unique and delightful Adirondack Lodge on lordly Seventh lake. Refreshing days, velvety nights. Lakeside living at its best. American Plan, $50 to $54 per week. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lawson, Inlet, N. Y. Telephone Eagle Bay 9552.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING, West Brooksville, Maine. Peaceful, seaside vacation. Yankee cooking.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal, country life; good food, comfortable beds.

THE WESTTOWN FARM HOUSE, 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Route 926. Why not visit Pennsylvania's beautiful countryside? Excellent meals. Pleasant rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker School Campus. Reservations by the week, month, or the year. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pa.

FENIMORE on Ostego Lake, Cooperstown, N. Y. Horses, tennis, boats, safe swim area. Many sports. Picturesque cabins. Housekeeping or American plan. J. Braider, Manager.

BERKSHIRES, SUN-INSIDE, MONTEREY: where food has the French flavor of deep contentment.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VT. Elevation, 2,000 feet. Excellent accommodations. Private swimming. Sports. Restful. Friendly informality. Delicious meals. Folder.

COLONIAL CHARM, luscious food, casual and intimate—amidst woods and trout stream—swimming, horses, golf nearby—country auctions—summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn. Telephone Litchfield 93W1.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach, shore drives, beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theatres. THE BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Mass. Booklet.

TENNIS-MINDED? ART-MINDED? Like walks over fascinating dunes? Fishing—Sailing—Swimming, on Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass. "CAST ANCHOR COURT" ON THE WATER. Telephone 401 or write.

CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Midway to Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Berkshire Playhouse. Secluded lake, swimming, boating, tennis, etc., on grounds. Rustic lodge and cabins. Moderate rates, informal. Folder S.

TUILAUVENT FARM. Ideal for restful week ends and vacations in lovely countryside. Fishing, boating, swimming nearby. Maple Road, Brewster, N. Y. Telephone Brewster 9-3154.

BRADLEY INN, Pemaquid Point, Maine. A house of rare simplicity and charm for vacations. Quiet, informal, exceptional hospitality. Rates very reasonable.

SEVEN HILLS—swimming, tennis, boating, movies, free art lessons, records. 5 minutes from Tanglewood. Seven Hills, Lenox 5, Mass.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Trout. Waterfalls. Wooded walks. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont. Telephone 104W3.

ANCHORAGE, overlooking harbor—music, art, sports. Maximum comfort, minimum rates. 5 Hawthorne Lane, Gloucester, Mass. Folder.

MOORLAND HOTEL, On-the-Ocean, Gloucester, Massachusetts. Sandy beach. Art colony. Excellent cuisine. Fishing (deep-sea and casting); tennis, golf. Cocktail lounge. Elevator. From $49 weekly. Folder S.

PRACTICE SPANISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN conversation with host, native of Europe, while guest at charming Inn; use language books in library; historic Castine, Maine. Excellent meals, $50 week. PENTAGOET INN, Castine, Maine.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 955

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

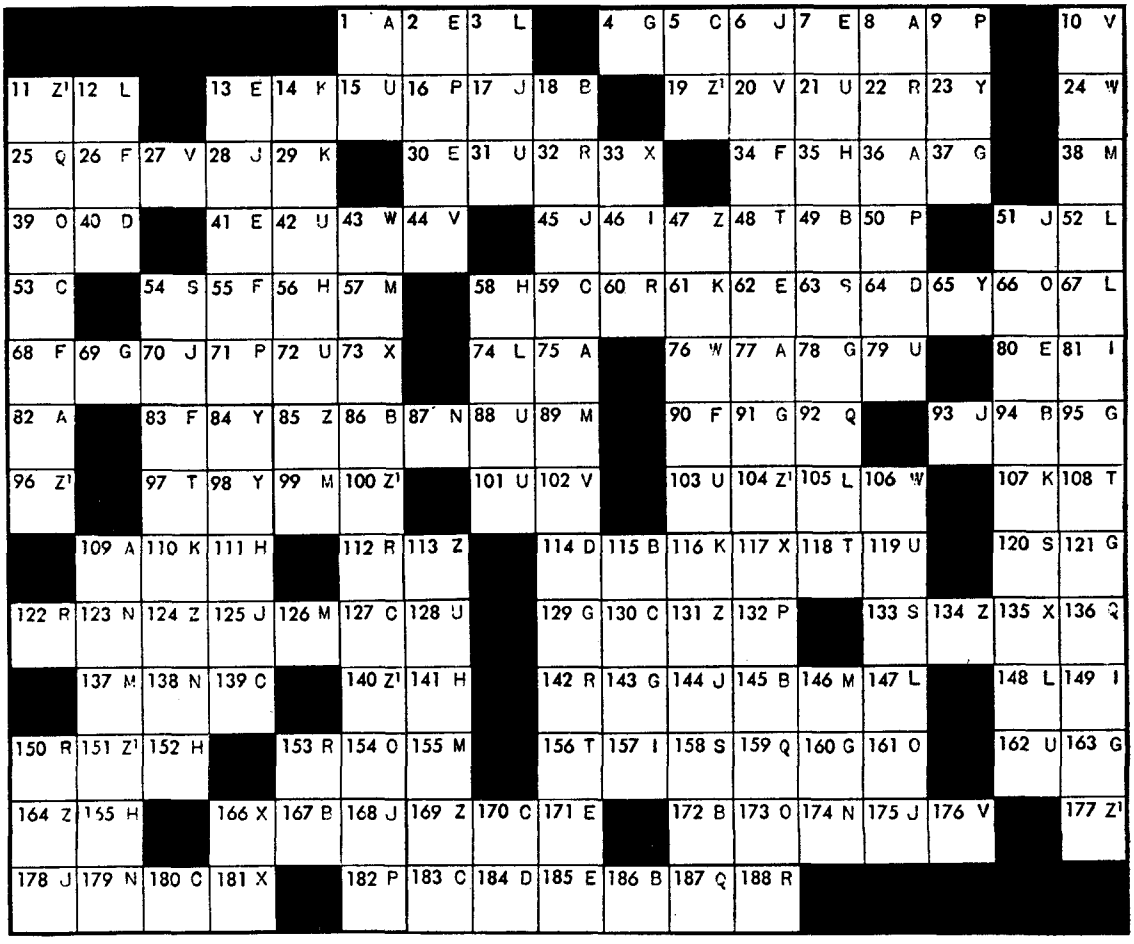
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Industrial city in the bituminous coal region of Pennsylvania.	36 8 1 75 77 82 109
B. To cause to be given up on account of ridicule (2 wds.).	18 172 167 145 115 186 94 49 86
C. To step in between parties at variance.	180 130 170 5 183 53 59 127 139
D. The hard fat about the kidneys and loins of beef and mutton.	64 40 184 114
E. Mme. Blavatsky and Annie Wood Besant were its prominent followers.	13 2 185 62 30 80 7 41 171
F. A leading "Transcendental" lecturer, educator, and writer (1799-1888).	90 68 83 55 26 34
G. Unseasonable.	69 91 129 160 4 143 121 37 78 95 163
H. Without completeness or exactness.	58 141 56 152 35 165 111
I. The longest dynasty in Chinese history, in which Confucius and other philosophers lived (var. sp.).	157 46 149 81
J. Shelterless or neglected (4 wds.).	51 175 70 168 144 45 178 17 28 125 6 93
K. That which effects an aperture.	107 61 29 110 116 14
L. A samara (2 wds.).	105 3 148 52 147 12 67 74
M. Usual; routine.	126 99 146 57 89 155 137 38

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Expanded, as a bird's wings (her.).	174 123 179 138 87
O. Very smart or stylish (slang).	154 39 66 173 161
P. Although (2 wds.).	9 16 132 50 71 182
Q. American poet and playwright ("The Great Divide").	159 25 187 92 136
R. Out of keeping.	122 22 32 188 153 142 112 150 60
S. First nickname, chief character in "Leatherstocking Tales."	63 158 120 133 54
T. Removed by cutting.	156 97 48 118 108
U. Its chief odorous constituents are geraniol and citronellol (3 wds.).	15 103 101 42 79 21 162 88 31 72 128 119
V. Loosely, a half; a part.	20 102 27 44 176 10
W. One of the seven deadly sins.	106 24 43 76
X. Rules; predominates.	181 135 117 166 33 75
Y. A villain in a tragedy by Shakespeare.	65 98 23 84
Z. Having or showing good spirits.	131 134 124 164 47 113 85 169
Z¹. To furnish with memoranda.	19 151 140 11 177 104 96 100

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN EXCITING NEW WAY—PARTICULARLY FOR FAMILIES WITH CHILDREN—
TO OBTAIN A WELL-ROUNDED EDUCATION IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF ART

24 FAMOUS PAINTINGS BY Gainsborough AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

REPRODUCED IN FULL-COLOR MINIATURES BY

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Blue Boy—GAINSBOROUGH

ALL MINIATURES ARE OF THIS SIZE

PRICE FOR THE FULL SERIES OF 24 MINIATURES WITH 32-PAGE ALBUM CONTAINING INFORMATION ABOUT THE ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK $1.25

IF YOU are not familiar with The Metropolitan Museum's unique method of home art education—both for adults and young people—this striking set of 24 Miniatures of MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH PAINTING IN THE HUNTINGTON GALLERY will serve as an impressive introduction. Some of the best-known works of Gainsborough, Lawrence, Romney, Reynolds, Constable and others in the famous Huntington Collection are included in this set. Once a month The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York prepares separate sets of full-color miniature reproductions of the world's great art treasures. Each set includes 24 fine Miniatures and a 32-page Album, in which the artist's work is discussed and explained, and in which the prints can be affixed in given spaces.

Eventually these sets will encompass the most interesting and most representative work of every period, every school, every great painter *from leading museums* in this country and abroad. Thus the Albums, with their Miniatures, are *like guided visits through the great art museums of the world under the guidance of experts*—with the advantage that each Album becomes a treasured possession to be enjoyed and referred to by every member of the family, whenever the spirit moves.

In effect, the project will be an informal but comprehensive course, carried on by the staff of the Museum, in both the history and appreciation of art. Yet the plan is of such a nature that it can be followed and enjoyed by persons of all ages.

A SUGGESTION: To acquaint yourself visually with the project, we suggest that you send for this single set of 24 Miniatures of MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH PAINTING IN THE HUNTINGTON GALLERY. Or, if you wish to subscribe now on a continuing basis, *you can do so with the right to stop whenever you please*, just as you might wish to stop going on "guided personal visits" through a museum. On the latter basis, you will receive with the first Album, and with every sixth thereafter, a handsome Portfolio in which the Albums may be kept for constant enjoyment and reference. The price for each set is $1.25, with Album.

PLEASE NOTE: Since The Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club, of New York, act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum. All matters having to do with distribution are handled by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC. A257
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.
AS A DEMONSTRATION . . . please send me the 24 Miniatures of MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH PAINTING IN THE HUNTINGTON GALLERY, with Album (price, $1.25).

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU WANT SUCCEEDING SERIES with the privilege of stopping at any time. *The series immediately following will be 24 famous paintings by Cézanne.*

DO NOT ENCLOSE MONEY • A BILL WILL BE SENT

POSTAGE AND HANDLING CHARGE, WHICH WILL NOT EXCEED 10¢ PER SERIES, WILL BE ADDED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED